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Nixon's Seventh Crisis

Diplomats in Disarray

SMITH SIMPSON

The Urgent East

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The Crossroads of Jerusalem

HERBERT KROSNEY

Orwell in His Own Image PETER CLECAK

'Harlem on My Mind' LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

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LETTERS

Maddox and the press

Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR SIRS: Arlie Schardt ["Crisis of *The Constitution*," *The Nation*, Dec. 23], reporting on "that zany 1966 gubernatorial race" which gave us Lester Maddox, asserted: "When dissatisfaction with the winners of both party primaries spurred a write-in movement for former Gov. Ellis Arnall, backers of Write-In Georgia (WIG) were thrashed by the *Journal* political editor Charles Pou, who referred to them in his news stories as the 'backbite vote.'"

I don't recall "thrashing" anybody, but I did try to tell in several columns, and quoting knowledgeable people in news stories, what I thought was going to happen. No one told me what to write. And the closest I came to brutalizing, I guess, was in an Oct. 17 Sunday column when I implied there used to be some mighty ignorant people in the Georgia legislature, added hopefully that the lawmakers had improved some, then commented: "The Georgia General Assembly is not the place to elect a Georgia governor. . . ."

The *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Atlanta Journal* had endorsed Governor Arnall, a great World War II governor, in the Democratic primary, but Maddox, with the help of some Republican cross-overing, which I reported was going on and likely was going to backfire, won in the Democratic primary. Bruce Galphin, author of *The Riddle of Lester Maddox*, tells how it was: "In addition to the Democratic enemies ganging up on Arnall, there also were campaigns among some Republicans to cross over into the Democratic primary to help Maddox in the belief he would be easier for Callaway to beat. As early as August, *Atlanta Journal* political editor Charles Pou warned: 'He who helps Lester may ride a tiger.'"

Then came the write-in movement for defeated candidate Arnall. . . . In the general election on Nov. 8, Callaway edged Maddox 450,387 to 448,259; the Arnall write-in got 57,834, or 6.1 per cent. That meant no one had received a clear majority and, under ancient Georgia law, the rural-run and something like 10-to-1 Democrat-weighted General Assembly would have to choose between the two top men. Result: Lester Maddox. . . .

Charles Pou

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The Atlanta newspapers had every right to say anything they pleased about WIG in their editorials, but this does not justify the way in which they consistently underplayed and even ignored legitimate WIG stories in their news columns. (Indeed, they went even further. One ad which WIG sought to place in the Sunday *Journal-Constitution* was so severely censored that WIG withdrew it altogether.)

Arlie Schardt

myth or dream?

Larchmont, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial of Jan. 13 ["Myths in the Middle East"] cited various myths listed in Charles Yost's article in *The Atlantic* about the situation in the Middle East, but overlooked the greatest myth of all—or may one hopefully call it a "dream"?

Agreed settlements and international guarantees have not as yet proved capable of protecting any nation, large or small, or any ethnic, economic, religious group in its right to mere basic survival. Shall Israel be a test case as to whether the millennium has arrived?

Was the UN able to defend the Arabs of Palestine (in 1947 and 1948) against invasion and take-over by Transjordan and Egypt (as well as by Lebanon and Syria in

(Continued on page 149)

EDITORIALS

The Inaugural

There is little point in attempting to guess how much of what President Nixon said in his inaugural address he really believes. He probably does not know himself. But we may be sure that in his view the directions and approaches indicated constitute sound politics, and as a political manifesto the address is reassuring. The overall theme was peace, emphasized at the beginning, in the middle and at the end; and affirmed, so to speak, on two Bibles. "For the first time, because the people of the world want peace and the leaders of the world are afraid of war, the times are on the side of peace." The political thrust is clear: the time has come to move beyond the stalemate in the cold war. Confrontations must be succeeded by negotiations. We need to lower our voices, not merely to encourage a more relevant dialogue at home but so that the Russians and the Chinese just might ponder our words, the better to assess our intentions.

The President had understanding words to say about the younger generation: "more committed, more passionately driven by conscience than any generation in our history." He readily acknowledged the existence of a crisis in values which his predecessor could never identify. On civil rights, he said that the laws have finally caught up with our conscience and that the need in future is to give life to the law. In these and other respects he raised a standard to which men of good will, in all their diversity, can repair. But he also set the standard by which he should be judged. The fact that he has presented the country with a good political script should now enable its citizens to concentrate on the performance.

In some respects the address was significant for what the President did not say. He engaged in no saber rattling. He did not mouth cold-war rhetoric. He did not attempt a self-righteous justification of the war in Vietnam. He refrained from holding forth on "law and order." He was chary of gestures and promises. It should be noted, also, that he said nothing about disarmament; military spending will no doubt increase. Nor did he have any words for the United Nations, an omission which perhaps foreshadows an emphasis on bilateral negotiations and "patient and prolonged diplomacy."

From the President's point of view, the address is politically astute. He has made what may well be a shrewd assessment of the mood currently prevailing in white middle-class America, namely a desire for peace, quiet and more "affluence." But sensing a dominant mood is one thing; turning it to good account, making it serve stated political objectives, is something else again. The mood may shift, it may evaporate, it may be impossible to sustain. For the time being, however, Mr. Nixon is probably right to think that current attitudes will support the kind of politics he has in mind: an end to the war in Vietnam, avoidance of similar "brush fire" wars in the future, and a more prudent allocation of resources.

In general, we found the address reassuring and were pleased to note that the President avoided saying some of

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the things he has been saying these many years and that he repeated throughout the campaign. In particular we were glad to hear his "sacred commitment" to consecrate his office, his energies, and all the wisdom he can summon to the cause of peace. Inaugurals—including this one—should not be accepted as the gospel writ large but neither should they be viewed with total cynicism. They are to be read and studied and kept on file, the better to remind a President who has charted a course of the course which he has charted. We intend to keep this address at hand and will no doubt find occasion to quote from it from time to time.

Circulating Elite

According to Stewart Alsop, only four men hold real power in Washington: the President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense and, in the Johnson administration, Walt Rostow who, as a kind of civilian field marshal, largely ran the Vietnamese War from the White House cellar. While Rostow was a special case, it is striking to what extent government power resides in a small group of men who come and go among the great foundations, the prestigious universities, the blue-chip corporations and the key posts in Washington. In the aggregate, they constitute a privileged elite, protected against the occupational hazard of the spoils system by informal arrangements which insure that they shall not want as they move into and out of the government.

Dean Rusk went from secondary posts at the State Department to the presidency of the Rockefeller Foundation, then back to Washington as Secretary of State, and now once more to Rockefeller as its first—but we may be sure not the last—Distinguished Fellow, a post which carries "a very comfortable stipend." Mr. Rusk will obviously be on call for future assignments. Daniel Moynihan served in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations and then took what might be called a "reverse sabbatical" at Harvard until pressed into service by President Nixon. McGeorge Bundy, a "crisis manager," is proceeding on the VIP circuit from Harvard to Washington to the Ford Foundation. The latter, which has a policy of seeking to "ease the transition" from public to private life—and, presumably, of expediting the return to public life—offered generous grants to various members of the staff of the late Sen. Robert Kennedy.

It is, of course, humane to provide for this "government in exile," and the interests of governmental efficiency may be served by having such a pool of talent to tap. But it is possible that the circulating elite may become ingrown, and that the interim assignments arranged for its members may not always be the best preparation for their return to power. Tours of duty as merchant seamen might, for example, better sharpen their perception of social realities.

Some time back, *The Wall Street Journal* suggested that the Nixon Administration was likely to "change elites." "In impression, if not always in fact," the *Journal* commented, "the men running the nation under the Democrats have been vaguely intellectual in outlook, Eastern in origin, Ivy League in social and cultural tastes. While

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there is much to admire in this cosmopolitan group, it is by no means the only source of ability." But in practice the Nixon Administration may find that there is no other elite. The big aggregates of power—public, private and quasi-private—are so interlocked today that the circulating celebrities have a near monopoly on certain posts. Political flip-flops do not disturb them. Their chances of returning to Washington sooner or later are good, and in the meantime they have no need to fret. There are, of course, exceptions. Walt Rostow, for example, may prove to be a permanent "dropout." When he was not invited back to Boston from Washington, he may have lost the chance of returning to the government; the chain was broken. But then he has his new post in Austin for consolation.

In Worth County

Worth County is in Georgia, and its political make-up is reflected by the vote it cast on November 5: Wallace, 3,049; Humphrey, 719; Nixon, 602. Mr. Nixon's campaign statement, indicating that enforcement of the federal laws against school segregation would be watered down if he were elected, did not help him much in Worth County. But in such areas it is bound to lead to intensified defiance of the law, and with the Negroes less disposed to accept abuse meekly, there will be trouble.

What Mr. Nixon said was that the Civil Rights Act of 1964 prohibited segregation and he supported the law, but it did not necessarily call for affirmative action to achieve integration. Even as a bid for votes during a hotly fought campaign, this takes the prize for double talk. But it was just what they wanted to hear in the Deep South. According to a spokesman for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, out of 192 school districts in Georgia, federal aid has already been terminated in thirty-two districts and seventy-nine others are not in compliance with the guidelines. Thus almost 58 per cent are not complying. Worth County is one of them. Because it wanted federal aid (what school district does not?), it filed a plan that conformed with desegregation requirements. But last fall, when Wallace began campaigning in jackboots and Nixon was hinting that he would evade the intent of the law, the die-hard segregationists took hope again and Worth's integration proposal was withdrawn.

The outlook for the future in such localities is indicated by the way Negro children of Worth County are treated when they are permitted to attend school with whites. In the *Los Angeles Times* Jack Nelson reports on the case of two sisters, Yvonne Denice Young, 11, and Dorothy Bell Young, 14, who were accused of using "obscene" language at school in altercations with white students and teachers. Samples of the offensive language were "damn," "goddamn," "bastard" and "ass." At about noon on December 4, a deputy sheriff, acting on orders of Superior Court Judge J. Bowie Gray, arrested the girls at school in Sylvester, the county seat, and took them to a juvenile detention home at Albany, 20 miles away. The parents were not told where the girls were until 1 P.M. the following day. Judge Gray acknowledged that this was "unfortunate" but then detained the girls for six more days, placed the younger on probation and ordered the older girl confined to a state "training" school. Neither girl had a juvenile record. Their brother, who was 6 years old when the Supreme Court decided *Brown* v. *Board of Education* in 1954, graduated from an all-Negro school, served in Vietnam and was wounded in action.

The underlying pattern is plain. Once again local authorities have acted in a manner calculated to toughen resistance and provoke trouble. The basic cause of an incident like that of the Young children is that integration has not been carried out—as the school experience of their brother attests—"with all deliberate speed." And by his campaign statements President Nixon encouraged further resistance on the part of local Southern school districts. What his subordinates now do in situations of this kind will determine what he meant when he said in his inaugural address that, the laws having caught up with our conscience, all that remains to do is to give life to what is in the law. Worth County would be a good place to start.

Mississippi Muzzle

Greenville, Miss.

Freedom of speech on Mississippi campuses has been stifled in recent years by a strange set of regulations which guarded the students from speakers who might "do violence to the academic atmosphere," who were held in "disrepute," or who had been merely charged (no conviction was necessary) with a crime or "moral wrongdoing." Also outlawed were all political candidates or talks on behalf of candidates.

The policy has been selectively enforced by the state's college board—composed of political appointees and dominated by conservatives—through repeated bans against black speakers at the University of Mississippi and Mississippi State.

The latest victim was Charles Evers, long a leader with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and now national committeeman for the new Democratic Party in Mississippi. The board denied Evers permission to speak to Young Democrat chapters at both campuses during the Presidential campaign. It had earlier tried to block NAACP president Aaron Henry, who doubles as head of the loyalist Democrats, from campus appearances.

Federal injunctions were obtained to enable both men to speak. Carrying the issue still further, Evers' sponsors set up a court challenge of the policy, and on January 14 a federal three-judge panel threw out the rules governing campus speakers as "unconstitutionally vague." The decision came after the regulations had been defended by 73-year-old college board chairman M. M. Roberts in a performance which left skeptical even presiding Judge J. P. Coleman of the U. S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, a former Governor of Mississippi.

"We had in mind," Roberts told the court, when explaining a section of the guidelines, "a sex expert in New York and that religious Pike fellow on the West Coast." He contended that speeches by Evers and Henry would

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"do violence to the attitudes of the fathers and mothers who send their children to school." Evers, a moderate who has cooled several explosive situations in the state, was called a "destructive influence." An appealed conviction connected with a questionable morals charge was cited against Henry.

Carrying the offensive against the college board were three young white lawyers, all alumni of Ole Miss, who claimed not only an abridgment of First Amendment rights but invidious application of the policy. A score of witnesses, including professors and students, were prepared to document numerous instances when white politicians had appeared on campus with the sanction of the college board. Their testimony was not necessary, since the regulations were invalidated after opening arguments. Roberts, acting as counsel for his board, proved his own worst enemy.

The court did not, however, strike down the control of the college board. Its order gives the board sixty days to draw up a new, more specific, list of rules governing speakers. University liberals, feeling that they have opened a chink in "the closed society," can only hope that the revised policy will be less restrictive. They have no assurances, except that another judicial review will be held this spring. CURTIS WILKIE

Trouble Ahead for Franco

Inspired by the example of one of our eminent contemporaries, toward the end of 1968 we thought of memorializing the "Event of the Year," and chose Czechoslovakia and the Czech resistance to the Russian invasion. While it is a bit early to make such a choice for 1969, it just might turn out to be Spain.

The signs all point to trouble for Franco. It is time. A new generation has come along since the disastrous Civil War, in which Hitler and Mussolini intervened on Franco's side and prepared for World War II. Much has happened, and Franco has accumulated a formidable collection of enemies, though he still has some friends—the police and the military; who else?

Certainly not the intellectuals, and in Spain as in many other countries they are becoming bolder and more powerful. Some 1,200 professional men, intellectuals and artists recently delivered to the Ministry of Government, which has jurisdiction over the police, 31 pages of testimony about police mistreatment of political prisoners. Even a year ago such a remonstrance would hardly have been conceivable.

Made indignant by the death of a student in police custody, nearly 2,000 Madrid students engaged in a silent march, carrying posters that charged the police with murder. Rock throwing and fist fights broke out, and the students gave as good as they took. Police fired shots into the air when one of their fifty jeeps was surrounded. In Barcelona extremist students ransacked the office of the university rector and tried to throw him out the window.

According to George Melloan, who has been investigating the situation for *The Wall Street Journal*, many priests are worried about the waning influence of the Church upon the traditionally religious Spanish working class. Workers tend increasingly to identify the Church hierarchy with the Franco regime and, striving to mend the rift, some priests do not hesitate to buck the regime and their bishops.

These priests make common cause with illegal workers' committees, which are trying to supersede Franco's authorized workers' organizations and which, judging by the number of arrests, have Franco worried. This worker movement is now on a national scale. At first glance it seems odd, but management in many plants is willing to deal with the committees. Melloan quotes a personnel man at a synthetic textile plant: "That is the heart of the plant," he said, pointing to a fiber-drawing machine that runs twenty-four hours a day. "If it is down ten minutes it can knock a hole in profits. I have to know what is in the minds of the men who run it. The official syndicates don't have a clue. The workers repudiate them. So I have to go behind their backs and deal with the workers' committee, which does know."

Then there are picturesque individuals like Isabel Luisa Alvarez de Toledo y Maura, twenty-first Duchess of Medina-Sidonia. She is spending a year in jail for agitating among dispossessed farmers, bankrupt fishermen and jailed workers. An attractive 32-year-old brunette with three young children, but separated from her husband, she had her lawyer ask in court: "What is a duchess for, if not to defend the poor? A duchess must be good for something besides going to charity teas."

In the December 28 *New York Times* Richard Eder recounts some half-comical stories about this remarkable woman. When a policeman was taking her to jail, she made scenes in inns, and when the officer begged her to be quiet she snapped: "Do you imagine I want people to think I am traveling with you because I like you?" At the Almería jail she made the prison hop with her demands. Franco probably does not find her funny at all.

Salud

It means "health" in Spanish and is the name Dr. David Brooks and his wife have given to the medical clinic they established in Woodville, Calif. (See "Medical Storm Center" by Ronald B. Taylor, *The Nation*, January 6.)

Salud won a significant court victory in Visalia recently, when Superior Judge Leonard Ginsburg ruled that hospitals supported by tax moneys may not discriminate against poor people in their admission policies. The suit was brought as a class action by a patient of Dr. Brooks, Eluterio P. Loredo, after he had been refused admission to a local hospital because his bills were to be paid by MediCal, the federal-state health program for the poor which has some 200,000 clients in California. According to the *Salud* release, the court's decision should have the effect of "desegregating" many hospitals which have made a practice of denying their beds to welfare recipients, who were often sent to distant and overcrowded county hospitals, thus defeating the goal of the federal-state health insurance program, which is to end class

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discrimination in hospital admissions by removing economic barriers.

One effect of hospital policy, as Dr. Brooks explains it, has been to deny continuity of care to indigent patients. "The physician," he says, "would care for the welfare patient in his office, but the local hospital board's policy kept him from admitting this class of patient for in-patient services. The physician then had no choice except to refer the patient to a county facility and a different physician." So much for the personal doctor-patient relationship which is so dear to the heart of the AMA.

Gary Bellows of Los Angeles, Mr. Loredo's lawyer, says that the court's decision "states clearly that the sick have a right to be treated in their own community hospital, regardless of whether the patient, the government, or a private insurance carrier pays the bill." The fight for equal health care for all citizens is far from over, but Dr. Brooks and the people he is trying to help have won a victory along the way.

Un-un-American Activities

Though not every legislative Red hunter has turned out to have had an impoverished view of political ethics, so many of them have suffered from this weakness that the correlation is worth noting. One recalls, for example, J. Parnell Thomas, who served a term in Danbury Prison, and other High Executioners of low standards.

For longer than one cares to remember, Sen. Hugh Burns—Democrat, Fresno County, president pro tem of the California Senate—has been chairman of California's Un-American Activities Committee. Recently, Robert Fairbanks of the *Los Angeles Times* discovered that Senator Burns and two associates had sold for $500,000 profit an insurance company they had organized five years earlier. The company had no office; it had no staff. In 1966 its total telephone and postage bill was $2.80. One of the associates of Senator Burns in the enterprise was permitted to use "extra space" in a room maintained by the State Senate Committee on Un-American Activities. Most of the profit from the sale came from insurance companies that had benefited greatly from legislation which Senator Burns helped enact.

The Senator, who has applied the whip to many an erring dissenter and for years has lectured the people of his state on their patriotic responsibilities, sees nothing "legally or ethically" improper in what he did. Nor, apparently, do his colleagues. Mr. Fairbanks reports that "members of the Joint Legislative Ethics Committee are not falling over themselves to become involved in the controversy surrounding Senate leader Hugh Burns."

Another Californian, Ambrose Bierce, in his *The Devil's Dictionary,* thus defined patriotism: "In Dr. Johnson's famous dictionary patriotism is defined as the last resort of a scoundrel. With all due respect to an enlightened but inferior lexicographer, I beg to submit that it is the first."

THE CROSSROADS OF JERUSALEM

HERBERT KROSNEY

Mr. Krosney, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is based in Jerusalem as head of documentaries for Israel Television. A former producer with National Educational Television, he is also the author of* Beyond Welfare: Poverty in the Supercity *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston).*

Jerusalem

There's a narcotic in the air of Jerusalem. Some say it is the hashish which comes across from the West Bank at very cheap prices. A few believe it is the political tension, which occasionally blows in as an ill wind, seems to disappear, but is always lurking somewhere, ignored for the most part by the city's residents. But I think it is the city itself; a magnificent city, set high in the north of the Judean hills on a ridge that dominates the Dead Sea, the lowest spot on earth. That sea is part of the Great Rift, a valley that begins in and around Lake Nyasa, near the southern tip of Africa, and stretches to the Toros Mountains of Turkey in the north; it is one of the world's great geographical phenomena. Mankind associates height with spirituality; and Jerusalem is near the summit of the Great Rift.

The city is gray-brown, built on a rough-hewn stone. Only within, in hidden corners, does one sense any luxury of vegetation. Its winters, and it is winter now, can be cool and damp; but a bright day will bring warmth because the sun beats down on Jerusalem with penetrating clarity. One can see for miles on almost any day; the quality of light is extraordinary. I think it is this quality of the light that makes the city so special.

The old-time view, of course, is that Jerusalem is the center of the world. From it stemmed the three great religions, springing from the single Hebrew root, but blossoming in different manifestations of monotheism. For Jews, the city is David's, and it is the historic capital of the nation. For Christians, it is of central importance in the disputes which led to Jesus' death and the site of that death itself. For Muslims, it is the point from which Muhammed, in his night of fancy, ascended to heaven—from that very same rock where Abraham was almost made to sacrifice Isaac and which was supposedly the inner sanctum of the Jewish temples. The beautiful mosque called the Dome of the Rock stands quite deliberately on the place where the Second Temple stood. Muslims believe that thus their prophet's message gained a symbolic supremacy over all the faiths that preceded it.

Geographically, as well as spiritually, Jerusalem was believed to be at the center of the world. It was a crossroads on the trade routes for Asia, Africa and Europe—the known world. Once a crossroads, and now, once more, a crossroads for Israel. And because of the conflicting

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claims about it, a city which is again at the center of world attention.

Each morning, beginning at 7:30, the traffic starts to pile up at the corner of Gaza and Benjamin of Tudela Streets. And every morning, between 6:30 and 9, hundreds of Arab workers from East Jerusalem flow across the old boundaries to their jobs in West Jerusalem. Shops on both sides of town display the most modern Israeli goods. Intra-city bus lines clog the roads; the thick, noxious fumes of the buses dissolve in the Jerusalem wind. Bus services connect the city with all points in the country, from Haifa to Hebron. And many of the Arab taxis promise even more—a trip to Amman across the Allenby Bridge, and from there to Damascus, Baghdad, Beirut, Kuwait.

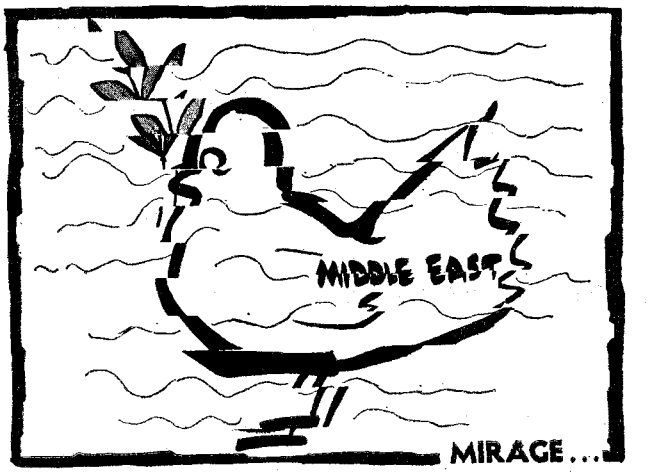
Crowded buses fall silent as riders listen to the Voice of Israel's hourly bulletins, but the news of the day does not affect the city's life. Arab guns can bombard Israeli positions 25 miles east in Jericho, or Israeli jets can streak for Jordan, to hit Irbud or Iraqi or Fatah positions on the hills; in Jerusalem, normal life continues.

The city's main problems have little to do with war; much more to do with the fact that, before June, 1967, both sides of the then divided city were little more than large villages. Today, the cosmopolitan Jerusalem of pre-1948 is again a reality. Government offices have moved to Jerusalem since the Six Day War; these, the new television service, and the increased number of students have brought additional thousands to the city. Housing is limited, so not only the traffic but also the rents are skyrocketing.

Yet the war tension is here. Big news, like the Arab attempts to hijack or destroy El Al airliners, or the Israeli retaliation at Beirut Airport, is quickly passed from mouth to mouth. The sound of the city is punctuated with blasts from construction work, and people have learned to ignore them. But an unusually noisy explosion brings people into the street by the hundreds. The other day, an Israeli jet broke the sound barrier over Jerusalem and one could not be certain that it was not Egyptian jets, or a rare success for El Fatah. Mayor Teddy Kollek quickly telephoned the Air Force and announced to the press: "Never again. That's settled. The Air Force won't break the sonic barrier over Jerusalem again."

The scars of war are few. The eastern side of town is dotted with stone monuments at the points where fell Israeli paratroopers and reservists who made the historic breakthrough to the east. Recently, Mayor Kollek honored a request of the Muslims to erect several similar monuments for the Legionnaires who had died bravely (and they did fight well) defending the then Jordanian territory. A minor controversy developed when the agreement became public, but it centered as much on the wording of the Muslim remembrance as on their presence. The inscription would read approximately: "Brave Soldier X died fighting for Allah." Kollek got assurances that the wording was nonpolitical and did not imply that the 1967 war was a *jihad*, or Muslim holy war. The Knesset refused to touch the small but quite hot potato, saying it was an affair of the municipality. Kollek prevailed in his civilized gesture. One wonders whether monuments to "brave North Vietnamese soldiers," or Vietcong, could ever be erected in the downtown streets of Saigon or Washington.

Tension in Jerusalem is beneath a peaceful surface. This is a bi-cultural, bi-national city in which two populations live in 99 per cent peace. A woman can walk alone at night on *either* side of town. One has the feeling that Jerusalemites, left alone, could solve their own problems. The economic contact between the two populations has become substantial. Socially, there is contact only on the fringes, and it is a fact that neither side wants substantially more. Why should they? The pressure here is not toward the integration of two disparate peoples but toward the hope that the two peoples can permit each other's individuality—if not nationality—to flourish in the same land, the same city, at the same time.



Myers, Evening News (London)

The Israeli position about the city is clear: Jerusalem is once again the capital of the Jewish nation and it shall always remain so. The whole of Jerusalem fell into Israel's hands through the stupidity of King Hussein, who ordered his Legionnaires to fire on civilian targets in Jewish Jerusalem. There is now no inclination to leniency on the Jewish side. Having for the last twenty years been denied access to the holiest spot in the Jewish religion, the Wailing Wall, by purposeful Jordanian abrogation of agreements, the Jews are in no mind to give back what was won with blood.

I have not met one Israeli who is for redividing the city. I have met none who favors "internationalizing" the entire city. Some believe that a peace settlement could mean a sharing of tax revenues with the Jordanians, and thus there could be some kind of secondary political status for the Hashemite Kingdom. A few see Jerusalem as the bi-capital of the two nations, Arab and Jewish, that inhabit the land of historic Israel, or Palestine; that is a possibility. Almost everyone agrees that the Christian and Muslim holy places should be under Christian and Muslim rule and that these particular spots should be internationalized. A few would accept some kind of internationalization for the Old City—not all of Eastern Jerusalem—so long as there is free access for everybody to Jerusalem as a whole.

Israelis have a habit of establishing facts to buttress

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ideological arguments. In the case of Jerusalem, the facts include settlements in and around Ammunition Hill, to the north of the city on the road to Ramallah; the refurbishing and reopening of Hebrew University on its breath-taking Mount Scopus campus; the reconstruction of the Jewish quarter in the Old City, dismantled by the Arabs in the years since 1948; plans for the national police headquarters which will be built on the eastern side of town, and for construction of homes and offices in the old "no-man's land" which divided the city.

The position of Arab Jerusalemites is more complicated. Almost all I have talked with favor a united city with free access for both sides. But, of course, the Arabs want self-rule and they refuse to be integrated into Israeli politics or cut off from their brethren in the wider Arab world. Arabs in Jerusalem, however, are a cosmopolitan people and it is not quite accurate to think of them as one community, or even, perhaps, as Arabs. More specifically, they are a series of religious and, to some degree, ethnic communities: the Roman Catholic, the Armenian, the Greek and Greek Orthodox, the Muslim. Until World War I, Jerusalemites referred to themselves as "Syrians" to distinguish themselves from the Arabs whom we refer to today as Bedouins and who lived in the Negev, the Sinai and on the other side of the Jordan.

Three families—the Husseinis, the Noshashibis and the Khaldis—have dominated the city for hundreds of years, each family backed at various times by outside rulers of the cities. The Husseinis, for instance, a comparatively new family, at the time, were chosen by the Turks more than a century ago to be "their" leaders; the Turks educated their sons in Constantinople and let them run Jerusalem. The British chose the Noshashibi family to be a counterweight to the Husseinis, especially after the performance of one Husseini who, upon becoming the Grand Mufti, both rallied the Arabs against the Zionists and tried to establish links with Hitler.

Palestinians cannot hide their disdain for their less educated fellows across the river. When I came one day to pick up my car at my East Jerusalem garage, all the workers were gathered around the radio. "Hussein is speaking," they told me. I asked a mechanic, a small, bouncy, smiling chap I had come to know quite well, what had happened. He said with a shy smile, "They're fighting in Amman." It was the day when the Legion and the terrorists squared off, with Hussein hoping to put an end to unauthorized terrorist activity. The mechanic continued: "They're fighting the Bedouins." The contempt in the word "Bedouin" was evident. I hesitated to ask for a more explicit expression of his political views because of the number of other garage workers around the radio—also because his Arab politeness would most likely have told me nothing more at that moment. However, I had talked with the mechanic previously, and he had indirectly expressed a preference for the economic—though not political—integration of the city. The reason is obvious: he wants to make the wages that good mechanics get on the western, or Jewish, side of town. He had been offered a job there, but couldn't take it because he wasn't officially a Jerusalem resident. He had been in his home town of Taibye when the Israeli census of the new territories was undertaken after the Six Day War, and was classified as a resident of the West Bank. (Jerusalemites are considered potential Israeli citizens; West Bank residents are formally under military occupation and law.) He had applied for a change in his card and hoped to get it within a few months. Meanwhile, like most Arabs—and other heads of families throughout the world—his main concern was supporting his family at the highest possible level.

The Israelis hope that this economic force—the equalizing of salaries, the improvement of living standards, the introduction of health and other social services—will be the decisive factor in inducing Arabs to accept Israeli political rule. Arabs are naturally wary about the high Israeli taxes which accompany social welfare and national defense, and they have been able to bargain themselves a nearly total exemption from income taxes for several years. I think this economic approach has a chance only if the outside political factors can be minimized; that is, if the Jerusalem Arabs are convinced that the Israelis will not leave them to the mercies of outside Arabs who will mark them for slaughter as "collaborators."

What troubles the city's Arabs probably the most is the possibility that they will be cut off from the outside Arab world. They feel psychologically threatened. Incredibly enough, in the war-pocked world of the Middle East, Jerusalem Arabs like to spend long weekends in Amman. They get their passes from the Israeli authorities, travel down to Jericho, cross the Allenby Bridge, and then spend a few days shopping in Amman (it's cheaper there) and seeing relatives. I know people who had never before been to Amman who decided they must make the trip. It's easy for Jerusalem Arabs to make the trip east; they must pass a rather innocuous security test, wisely based not on a person's political opinion but on his possible association with terrorist organizations. Coming the other way is more problematic. Israelis usually permit families to be reunited, if all members clear security, but they are cautious about entire family units attempting to cross from Amman to Jerusalem. The Israeli policy may be called liberal, considering that the country is officially at war with Jordan, but it could be more liberal. Of course, border policy is not the whole issue: many thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of Arabs, will never come back to Jerusalem to live under Israeli rule.

The "open border" policy applies to goods as well as to people. A very great trade in agricultural produce and other West Bank goods has been crossing the border regularly. The terrorist organizations bitterly oppose this evident accommodation and collusion with the enemy, since it encourages the normalcy of life which they, as good guerrillas, would like to destroy. But to a great many Arabs the trade is essential to life. When Israel shut the border briefly after the Machne Yehuda bombing in which twelve persons were killed, Arabs throughout the West Bank pleaded that trade be restored.

The city has passed through various transmutations of feeling in the last six months. June 5, the anniversary of the war, was marked by Arabs with protest demonstrations and from Jordan a considerable amount of shooting

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at the Israeli border settlements in the Bet Shean Valley. In Jerusalem, 200 or 300 women and children engaged in a moderately heated shouting match with some Arabic-speaking Israeli police. There seemed to be none of that fierce antagonism and hatred which can mark a civil rights demonstration in the States, or that perhaps even marked the demonstration in Ramallah, a few miles to the north, which was composed mainly of 1948 refugees. The Israeli policy of permitting freedom of speech and assembly, but no violence, was countered in Jerusalem by the Arab tactic of sending women and children to demonstrate so that no one will get hurt—a policy learned during the Jordanian years when the men stayed home, knowing that no Arab policeman would manhandle a woman. Israeli policemen have evidently learned well from their Arab predecessors. A friend of mine, hurrying to the scene of demonstration outside Damascus Gate, had the situation quickly defined for her. Israeli soldiers in full battle dress stood in groups on the street corners. Suddenly, a voice in Hebrew gruffly barked out an order over the loud-speaker: "All soldiers, please return your empty pop bottles to the central depository immediately."

The first increase of tension occurred in late summer after the so-called "Night of the Grenades." Arab terrorists dropped grenades equipped with timing devices into six garbage cans in various parts of the city. One was discovered before it went off, but the grenade in the central bus station exploded and killed one person. I remember the night well, since I was present at four of the locations while helping to organize the coverage for Israeli Television. The reaction of my Israeli colleagues was: "The Arabs can't do anything well. We've lived with this a long time. It's lucky we have Arabs here; otherwise we might be in trouble."

The event of that night which sent a tremor of shock through the country was not the grenades; it was what happened in the hours following the terrorist attack. Jewish teen-agers decided to beat up any Arabs they could find and to invade the Old City and destroy and vandalize. Before police could stop them they had almost killed one Jew, mistaken for an Arab, and a number of them had managed to break some shop windows in Eastern Jerusalem. Thus the terrorists won a moderate success by helping to destroy the atmosphere of trust—mostly commercial trust, but trust nonetheless—between the two populations. Mayor Kollek heatedly denounced the teen-agers' actions and went on a walking tour of the Old City that night and the next day. He was followed a day or two later by General Dayan who received, as he always does, a warm reception on the eastern side of town. The Israeli Government paid for all the damages suffered by Arab businessmen, but the damage to mutual confidence could not be paid for.

Then, in November, two Arab terrorists, according to the claims of the terrorist organizations, wearing Israeli police uniforms, drove into the most crowded section of Western Jerusalem, the Machne Yehuda or Jewish Market. They walked away from the shopping area, leaving their explosive-filled car parked next to a barbershop. It was a Friday, the Muslim Sabbath and the day before the Jewish Sabbath. The blast went off at 9:30 in the morning, killing some thirteen persons and wounding more than fifty. Almost all of these were women, children or old people; several of the victims were Arabs. An hour after the explosion the market place was again filled, out of defiance as well as stoicism. But there was a quiet in the air, a wonderment that any human being could have the malice to come into a peaceful gathering place of women and children, and commit this act of willful murder. The atmosphere of wonder and shock has lasted even until today.

East Jerusalem was immediately cordoned off and a curfew imposed. The Christian shop owners closed up; the Muslim shops were already closed because it was Friday. I saw an Arab friend that day, a young man who would never express a desire to live under Jewish rule, and he could hardly look me in the face. "It will be a long time until there's peace here," he said sadly, ashamed. "It's horrible."

A Jewish friend insisted that his wife change her buying habits. Whereas she had shopped at her local market, she now began to buy in the Machne Yehuda. "Whatever you do," he seemed to be saying to the Arab terrorists, "your acts will not change my normal life."

The obvious aim of the terrorists, as before, was to destroy the possibility of normal contact and fruitful relations between the two peoples. A spontaneous and unspoken Jewish boycott of Arab Jerusalem lasted for weeks. My garage mechanic's business was very slow. I asked him why. "The Machne Yehuda," he said, with a concern obviously far more humanitarian than economic. "The Jews aren't coming to me now."

"Do you think they will come back?" I asked.

"Yes. I hope so. But they must forget first."

It took some time, but as the holiday season began, as Chanukah approached, as Ramadan ended, as Christian pilgrims poured in to mark the birth of their Saviour, normalcy began to be restored. The Arab shops filled with Israelis as well as foreign tourists.

I was not in Jerusalem at the time of the Beirut raid, and missed the reaction of the Arab side of town. I would guess that Arab Jerusalemites took some pleasure from the world reaction to the raid—and that it compounded their sense of tragedy. I am sure the raid was stupid, not from the viewpoint of morality or military effectiveness but within the context of world politics and possible political gain. But even this raid must be viewed against the background of lurking danger which can afflict anyone throughout the country, and particularly in Jerusalem, at any time. The terrorists had attempted to surpass the Machne Yehuda outrage by murdering fifty-seven persons in an El Al civilian jet at an international airport, and so to harm Israel's tourism and impair its links with the outside world. Terrorism may sound romantic from afar, but it is basically vicious and immoral; indiscriminate terror against civilian populations is, no matter who uses it, the nadir of modern "warfare."

In Jerusalem, normal life seems to have returned. The Arab shopkeepers are eager for Jewish business. The Jews spend their money in the narrow lanes and alleys of the romantic Old City. Their homes become ornate with

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tassled Bedouin rugs, Islamic embroidery, and antiques from throughout the Arab world. There is little Arab hostility to Jews on a personal basis and there is none of the fierce nationalism which characterized Jerusalem's Arabs in the days of the Grand Mufti.

Quiet prevails. One has the feeling that it is possible for Arabs and Jews to live together in the same city—if not in friendship, then at least in tolerance and harmony. Today it is winter in the city, a particularly mild winter with occasional downbursts of fierce rain, but with many bright and warm days. Dramatic clouds form over the hills, sweep and linger, dance over the harsh rock landscape and disappear.

I believe that peace is a difficult but possible goal, because no one—at least, no one in Jerusalem—wants war. The dangers are from outside Jerusalem, from across the borders. It is only from out there that war could come again to Jerusalem.

NIXON'S SEVENTH CRISIS

DIPLOMATS IN DISARRAY

SMITH SIMPSON

Mr. Simpson, a retired Foreign Service officer with twenty years' experience in and around the diplomatic Establishment, is the author of Anatomy of the State Department *(Houghton Mifflin). He is also editor of the recent issue, "Resources and Needs of American Diplomacy," of* The Annals, *American Academy of Political and Social Science.*

It seems that President Nixon did not relish as Secretary of State a man of great experience and skill in foreign affairs, one familiar with the State Department, the federal foreign affairs community, our foreign policies and the navigational skills which keep those policies afloat. There are such men in his party, some of them part of the Atlantic seaboard reservoir so often tapped for foreign affairs and defense appointments. But, for the first time in years, a President-elect shied away from the Eastern establishment. The indications are that Mr. Nixon did not even seek the advice of the Lovetts, McCloys, Dillons, et al.

Plainly, also, he had no inclination to resort to older precedent and appoint one of those who had challenged him for his party's nomination. "Forward together" is for national consumption, not for party politics, at least as far as foreign affairs are concerned. Instead of pursuing precedent, Mr. Nixon did something quite novel—novel, anyway, since 1925, when Calvin Coolidge appointed Frank Billings Kellogg as head of the diplomatic bureaucracy. This suggests that the slogan in foreign affairs is to be "Keep Cool with Nixon."

But another possible meaning to the appointment of William P. Rogers seems to have escaped the commentators. It is well known that Mr. Nixon has turned to this skillful lawyer during three of the six major crises which he says have beset his political career. By calling upon Rogers now for this particular position, does Mr. Nixon suggest that the diplomatic establishment has begun to loom in his mind as a seventh crisis?

Well it might. I have known the State Department and its Foreign Service for some forty years and never have I seen them in such a shambles. Policy planning in the State Department is still of a scatter-shot variety and diplomatic planning is nonexistent. There is no overall management, and therefore operations are not tied together, gaps are not filled, lapses are not anticipated, improvements are not systematically pressed. Even promotions, which should be one of the simpler operations, at least from the numerical standpoint, have been chaotic and without reference to need. Education and training are scandalously neglected, procedures fritter away experience, officers are frustrated rather than developed by conditions of service. Responsibilities, especially in the lower ranks, are vague and unchallenging. There is, in a word, no systematic control; only endless improvisation in administration, endless battling with momentary need, endless reaction to events —as in our diplomacy itself—rather than good, tight, dynamic leadership.

I hesitate to mention Vietnam in this connection, for it would seem to have been threshed down to the last grain, but several basic elements which it shares with everything else the Department does are being overlooked. One is the failure to bring to bear upon the Vietnamese experience the processes of research, analysis and planning. No systematic analysis of this involvement has been made by the State Department or any contractee of the Department. Hence, the Department has been, and still is, unable to deal profoundly with the problem of intervention, isolating the issues it presents or generalizing from the breakthroughs of technique and the constructive results which here and there ingenious diplomatic, military and aid officers have achieved. Further, there has been no attempt to systematize the errors of this venture for the instruction of future policy steerers and diplomatic pilots. From this failure, we risk not only losing in our negotiations the few precious accomplishments of intervention but of repeating our mistakes in the future. That future, as Thailand and Laos are trying to whisper in our ear, may come sooner than we think. If there is one way to insure a continuation of blunders in Southeast Asia, with their corroding effects on America's world position, this is it.

The *Pueblo* affair is another example of the State Department's chronic inability to subject its diplomacy to any kind of rigorous analysis. No methodical attention has ever been given to this type of spy operation, great though its impact is upon our diplomacy. This neglect led to the U-2 imbroglio in 1960; it will lead to others. The disjointed diplomatic agency has simply not prepared itself

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to cope with military and intelligence operations which affect the nation's general international efforts. Of course, diplomats would first have to be educated and trained in this area, and one of the more obscure but melancholy aspects of the U-2, Bay of Pigs and *Pueblo* affairs is that our diplomatic officers are not adequately prepared to run any phase of a modern diplomatic operation.

A part of the crisis which the diplomatic agency presents to Mr. Nixon arises from its astonishing failure to redefine diplomacy itself in up-to-date terms, so that it might have a clear idea of the kind of people it should be recruiting, the kinds of education and training it should be providing its officers, the criteria it should be following for assignments and promotions, the blend of policy, diplomacy and management it should be developing—all to effect a widespread improvement in our international performance.

Good management would encourage a contagion of know-how from the better-run to the sloppy offices, thus stimulating and bolstering the Department in areas where it is weakest. But lack of management isolates office from office, bureau from bureau. There is no means, for example, whereby the concepts and techniques of analysis and management employed by Covey T. Oliver to improve performance in Latin American relations can be transmitted to other areas. Nor is there any assurance that the gains in that bureau will be passed on to and developed by the Assistant Secretary who replaces Mr. Oliver.

In such an "anti-organization" department, morale is deplorable. In forty years of observation, I have never known State Department morale to be good, but it is now the worst that I have ever seen it.

Morale affects performance; so also do attitudes. They subtly penetrate and influence every view, every decision, every approach to a decision. They are the unspoken premises which cause men to assume they know things they do not know, understand situations they do not understand, are "managing crises" when they are only tinkering with them, disposing of problems when they are only postponing them to reappear in more aggravated form. They give rise, or are themselves generated by, clichés and myths. If Mr. Nixon wants to avoid his seventh crisis he had better put someone in a managerial position in State who knows what the prevailing attitudes are, their sources and their cures. Otherwise, both he and his Secretary of State, however shrewd and competent they may be as politician and lawyer, will be stymied.

A Middle East crisis is rising to one of its periodic crests and Messrs. Nixon and Rogers would do well to recall what lack of State Department management did to President Johnson and Dean Rusk on the last crest. For four and a half months, as that 1966-67 storm quietly gathered, the position of Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern Affairs remained vacant. Career diplomat Raymond Hare resigned in November, 1966, and could not be induced to remain. He was worn out; furthermore, he had given a year's notice of his departure. But no replacement had been prepared. The only one available when the time came, it was said, was Lucius D. Battle, then serving as ambassador in Cairo. But there was no seasoned successor for Battle, and one had therefore to be improvised. At the urging of Under Secretary Katzenbach who, like Mr. Rogers, had served as Attorney General and was not exactly sophisticated in the deployment of diplomatic personnel, the Department appointed as ambassador Richard Nolte, an intelligent, academic type not likely to have much influence on Nasser. Nolte's remark at the Cairo airport remains a classic. Asked by a journalist what he thought of the Middle East crisis, he replied: "What crisis?" He soon found out.

Congressional penny-pinching aggravates the shortcomings of management and planning. Secretarial vacancies cannot be filled; officers become increasingly distracted by clerical duties. Supplies are so parsimoniously inventoried that even telephone directories must be scrounged. The library—unlike those at the CIA and the Pentagon—is so understaffed that it cannot meet requests for service, cannot acquire needed materials, cannot shelve promptly what it gets, cannot bind what it shelves. This is a particularly illuminating situation, for it not only exemplifies the anti-intellectual attitude of the administrators who parcel out the Department's appropriated funds but shows also how really false is a lot of the economizing. Unbound periodicals stray; they must be replaced; and back copies cost more than the original subscription numbers. Furthermore, when funds at last become available for binding, costs have increased. The State Department is a perfect demonstration, top to bottom, from people to paper clips, that penny-pinching always results in waste.

An extraordinary cynicism pervades the diplomatic establishment. Even its liberals found themselves welcoming the outcome of the Presidential election. "Nothing could possibly be worse," they said; "a change—any change—just might bring relief." They did not remember that this same hope was engendered in 1932, 1952 and 1960, and gave way to souring frustration. It is not merely change that is needed—it is reform: organizational reform, procedural reform, attitudinal reform, educational and training reform, conceptual reform. That is what confronts Mr. Nixon as he prepares for his seventh crisis.

That being so, one of Nixon's most extraordinary pre-inaugural decisions was his choice of Secretary of State. William P. Rogers is by all reports a good lawyer; he is a former Attorney General of the United States, a good negotiator in a domestic context, perhaps a good one in an international legal context, a staunch upholder of civil rights, an upright citizen, a loyal friend and counselor of the President, a cool man. These attributes are splendid, but how completely do they meet the varied diplomatic needs of the President? How sufficient are they for a successful Secretary of State?

Mr. Rogers is not totally without exposure to foreign affairs. He served in 1967 as the United States delegate on the UN's fourteen-nation *ad hoc* Committee on South West Africa. Seven years earlier he headed the American delegation to the independence ceremonies for Togo, and took the occasion to visit the Mali Federation (then Mali, Guinea and Senegal) and Nigeria. He met a number of leaders in those countries (most of whom have since been ousted or assassinated). During the Hungarian revolution

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of November, 1956, he accompanied Mr. Nixon to Austria to investigate the plight of refugees. Another brief mission took him abroad in 1955 as chief American delegate to a UN conference on prison conditions.

That's about it and it is not very much. No continuous professional experience; not even a sustained professional interest. No background whatever with respect to the State Department or the Foreign Service. No experience or known interest in any coordinating machinery in the government's foreign affairs.

This lack of central involvement or even interest in his new area of responsibility becomes the more painfully evident when one sets Mr. Rogers' training alongside the preparation of some of his Cabinet associates. The Secretary of Agriculture has had extensive experience with agricultural matters. The Secretary of Labor has been a student of labor problems for decades, much involved in labor-management contentions, thoughtfully coping for years with the very challenges he will face in his Cabinet assignment. Both Clifford M. Hardin in Agriculture and George Shultz in Labor are seasoned experts in their fields.

In fact, Mr. Hardin seems to qualify better for the position of Secretary of State than does Mr. Rogers. His extensive international experience began in 1947 when he was sent to Europe by Michigan State University to explore the broad question of what roles universities and farm groups might play in the Marshall Plan. The following year, in furtherance of Point Four, President Truman included him in groups to study development possibilities in South America. His interest in this area has continued, and has led to his appointment as a member of the Council on Higher Education of American Republics, which takes him to a different country of South America each year. In 1950, as dean of MSU's School of Agriculture, Hardin helped found the University of the Ryukyus on Okinawa, and that added the Pacific area to his international involvement. Four years later, he became chancellor of the University of Nebraska and introduced in that one-time bastion of Midwest isolationism a Latin American studies program and a Far Eastern Institute; he also continued Nebraska's sponsorship of the new Ataturk University in Turkey which, among other things, has brought to Lincoln more than 200 Turkish professors for advanced study. He has also been involved in educational development in sub-Sahara Africa. This depth of familiarity with the country's overseas objectives and commitments suggested to President Kennedy that Hardin be added to the Clay committee to study the entire foreign aid program. Finally, Hardin thinks in imaginative terms. One of his pet interests is promoting "a massive, long-range innovative effort unprecedented in human history" to solve the world's food and population problem.

Compared with all this, Mr. Rogers and the man he has picked as his deputy are rank amateurs. Neither can innovate because they do not know where to start. Neither can reform because they do not know what is wrong. Neither can appreciate the need for any "massive, long-range, innovative effort" to bring our diplomatic establishment up to date because they have yet to learn in what respects it is out of date. As they gradually become enlightened, they will tinker, as all unprepared innovators do. Moreover, they will by then have become overwhelmed by current crises.

Macpherson, Toronto Star

Melvin Laird was smarter than Mr. Rogers. Realizing that as Secretary of Defense he would be handicapped by his managerial inexperience, he picked an expert manager for the second spot at the Pentagon. Rogers picked a man in his own image. Mr. Richardson is also a lawyer, also an Attorney General, also inexperienced in management, also a novice in foreign affairs, in the State Department, in the Foreign Service, in diplomacy.

This, together with the fact that Laird has been deeply involved in the problems and issues of the Defense Department for fifteen years, with a fairly clear idea of how it operates—its weaknesses, its mistakes, its needs—means that Defense will continue to have an edge over State. In the light of the last eight years, I need not emphasize what this means in our foreign policies and diplomacy. There is little likelihood that a "massive, long-range, innovative effort" will tip the scales back to civilian initiative and control.

Both Mr. Rogers and Mr. Richardson may be expected to think that as lawyers and pragmatists they have much to offer American diplomacy. I wish this were so, but I fear that lawyers are poor managers and even slow to see the need for effective management. As a profession, they are given to the belief that all they need are the facts; by rigorous analysis, they can then deduce the answers. Furthermore, since they are trained to argue from briefs prepared by their staff, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Richardson will no doubt believe that they can satisfactorily counsel the President and Congress, as well as the public and officials of other governments, from the "briefs" provided by a State Department staff. If so, they are naive.

"Facts" are hard to come by in foreign affairs. Information is elusively concealed in the manner of its

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presentation. It is subtly permeated with the drafters' personal impressions, interpretations, hunches. A formidable husk of subjectivity surrounds every "fact." The greatest bulk of our dossiers on other peoples and their government leaders, their cultures and their needs, is comprised of what we *think* we know, and that is precisely what has bedeviled the government's handling of Vietnam. The "information" and calculations available in Washington have been treated by the Secretary of State and other Presidential advisers as reliable "facts"—and we have strayed deeper and deeper into a swamp of conjecture. Because of the man he has selected as Secretary of State and the deputy Mr. Rogers has picked for himself, this can happen to Mr. Nixon in countless situations.

As for pragmatism, we have about come to the end of that road. Within limits, it is a good approach, but relying on it almost exclusively, we have exhausted its possibilities, and our continuing faith in it is leading us into a performance of diminishing returns. Faced with the necessity to synthesize foreign and domestic resources and policies, we are required to make a more fundamental assessment of foreign affairs than we have so far attempted. For this, some philosophy is needed—something akin to the careful, systematic, basic thinking that went into the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. And it requires, as those statements of policy and principle did not, a consideration of world responsibilities. Who is to lead in this "massive, long-range, innovative" effort?

Perhaps, someone may suggest, the number-three man in the Department, he being a career diplomat. But he also is a pragmatist. A smart operator, a man of keen insight into the reactions of foreigners, Alexis Johnson has never acquired any reputation as a thinker, a planner or a manager. And as he has shown throughout the Vietnam years—during much of which he served as a political adviser to the Secretary—he is a follower, not an innovator.

If none of these three men has what it takes to reform the Department, the situation is not yet entirely hopeless. Six other strategic positions remain to be filled: Deputy Under Secretary for Administration, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Organization and Management, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Personnel, Director General of the Foreign Service, Director of the Foreign Service Institute and Deputy Assistant Secretary of Operations.

If Mr. Rogers can be as smart as Mr. Laird, he can still bail himself out of his limitations and, by the men he selects for these positions, spare the President another major crisis. To do this he must clearly perceive three things: the necessity for superior management of the diplomatic establishment; the requirement that managers be familiar not only with management concepts but also with foreign policy and diplomacy; and the need to delegate adequate managerial powers to such men.

These six officers of the Department must create a program of management (which means, in effect, a program of reform, since the State Department now totally lacks management), and they must become a team to carry it out.

In view of Mr. Rogers' and his deputy's unfamiliarity with the State Department, the filling of this prescription is so difficult as to be unlikely. But there is a remote possibility that it will be done. Several studies of the State Department and Foreign Service of recent date are available for the launching of such a program. If the six are appointed from the career diplomatic service well in advance of vacancies, sent off to a suitable university to be trained in management concepts and techniques and to distill a program for the approval of Messrs. Nixon and Rogers, and if they are delegated adequate managerial powers, the job can be done. There is no other way to do it. If Mr. Nixon really sees the diplomatic establishment as threatening him with his seventh crisis—and whether he does or not, that, in my opinion, is the situation—he would do well to persuade his Secretary of State to take this course. It would be good politics—if Mr. Nixon gives any thought at all to 1972. And, of course, it would be a step toward insuring that there is still a nation to hold elections in 1972.

THE URGENT EAST

SHORT FUSE IN JAPAN

ALBERT AXELBANK

Mr. Axelbank has been reporting on Japan for the past ten years. He has written for the Associated Press, United Press, The New York Times, *the London* Economist *and the* Far Eastern Economic Review.

Tokyo

The handwriting, some of it in the form of graffiti, is now appearing on the walls in Japan and Okinawa. It is as if America, under the Nixon Administration, were being given a last chance to confront itself in the mirror, to arouse itself from years of sluggish and often blundering statesmanship toward the Orient. The ultimatum may be stated thus: if you cling to the stale policies of the past; if you choose to deal with Asians only from so-called positions of strength and refuse to heed mass movements; and if you advocate cracking the skulls of the growing body of dissenters, you will foster yet another tragedy in 20th-century Japan and, as a result, produce irreversible disaster for the American position in Asia.

It may happen in 1969; it becomes more probable for 1970. Japan's *Kidotai* (Riot Police) and *Jieitai* (Self-Defense Forces) are even now preparing for civil war next year. On Okinawa, the U.S. military is girding for insurrection this year. The Japanese Police Agency is being beefed up for 1970—when the controversial U.S.-Japan

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Security Pact comes up for review—and is increasing the mobility of riot police in Tokyo, Osaka, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kyoto and Fukuoka. Experts were sent to Paris last May to observe riot control. The National Public Safety Commission says the use of "Molotov cocktails" and poisonous chemicals by anti-government demonstrators in 1970 is assumed in police counter tactics. The commission finds "indications" that radical Zengakuren students plan to employ the presumed disorders in 1970 as a "detonator for their designed revolution." The Home Affairs minister reports that Japan's legal system is currently under review and will be reinforced to meet emergency situations next year. The minister used an expression like, "Even if the worst comes. . . ." He mentioned the possibility that Self-Defense Forces (SDF) would be moved into the cities as a "support corps," in case the "social disorders" extend beyond police control. The Defense Agency says arrangements have already been made for the SDF to deal with civil disturbances. Various SDF units have been practicing riot control. Lieut. Gen. Ferdinand Unger, High Commissioner for the Ryukyu Islands (Okinawa), was recently named director of civil disturbance clearing and operations at U.S. Army headquarters in Washington.

It is said that Richard Nixon knows Nippon because he has visited Tokyo seven times, mostly on business. But keeping one's finger on the Japanese pulse and promoting Pepsi-Cola are not the same thing. What happened in 1960 can repeat itself next year with redoubled fury. President Eisenhower, all set to climax his Asian tour with a triumphal entry into Tokyo, was unceremoniously told to stay away from Japan: a tiny minority of leftists (so the story went) were rioting up and down Mount Fuji. They were angry about revision of the U.S.-Japan Security Pact and, reported the CIA, the rioters would settle for nothing less than blood.

Immediately upon his election, President Nixon forfeited one of his favorite pleasures: a trip to Japan. Under present tensions, no U.S. President may visit that country. Even Nixon's Secretary of State, when he visits Tokyo, will be as heavily guarded as a bullion shipment. Japan's own Prime Minister must perforce choose the back roads to the airport when he travels abroad.

What Nixon is being told, by such experts on Japan as Edwin Reischauer and John Emmerson, both former diplomats in Tokyo, is that chaos in Japan, produced by massive anti-pact, anti-bases and anti-U.S.-occupation-of-Okinawa demonstrations, would trigger swift and debilitating shock waves for the United States. Without a firm alliance with Japan, it needs to be emphasized, the effectiveness of U.S. military power in Asia is slashed at least in half. This dooms American supremacy in Asia. As Japan goes, so goes Okinawa, the only U.S. arsenal stacked with nuclear weapons west of Hawaii.

High tensions are already causing tremors in Okinawa where nearly a million inhabitants are fed up—a whole generation after the war ended—with being bossed by GIs whose idea of literature is the comic book; to whom culture means drinking on a bar stool; who equate morality with listening to a Sunday sermon. In recent months, two Socialists have been elected as the island's chief executive and as mayor of Naha, its capital. Their goal is immediate, unconditional and complete reversion of the Ryukyus to Japan. In December, an estimated 30,000 persons staged the biggest of four recent demonstrations against the presence of B-52 strategic bombers on Okinawa. On December 23, the Ryukyu legislature unanimously adopted a resolution demanding the immediate withdrawal of the B-52s. It was the third such resolution since 1965. Another resolution, similarly adopted, called for immediate suspension of port calls by nuclear submarines and asked for compensation for damage to fishing operations caused by visits already made.

City assemblies in Hirara and Koza have also adopted resolutions demanding immediate removal of the B-52s and opposing port calls by the nuclear subs. Anti-B-52 general strikes have been planned for this year to be supported by *Kankoro* (Government Employees Union), the Okinawa Teachers Association, *Okijitsui* (Executive Committee for Okinawa Return National Movement), and the Okinawa Christians Association for Peace. Japanese Prime Minister Eisaku Sato says "the postwar period for Japan won't end until Okinawa is returned to Japan." But this sentiment, while pleasing to all Japanese, does little to relieve the minds of the Okinawans. They are getting jumpy about nuclear warheads piled up just a few feet from their front gates. Reports are that more are on the way. On December 23, the Okinawa *Times* said that a big ammunition facility for the U.S. Navy, first of its kind in Okinawa, was under construction and would include underground silos as well as earthquake-proof, reinforced concrete warehouses. The site was presumed to be for Subroc missiles for nuclear submarines. Also, the paper stated, the ammunition yard in Chibana was being expanded, and more bases for the Seventh Fleet were being prepared. On November 19, a B-52 crashed with a full load of bombs on take-off from the Kadena U.S. Air Force Base on Okinawa. Five injuries to local residents were reported, and almost all windows of homes in nearby Kadena village were shattered. When, subsequently, another B-52 had a mishap on take-off, a U.S. military spokesman remarked callously: "It's just like a traffic accident." It wasn't related whether a cop was on hand to give the driver a ticket for recklessness.

It may be that the water around Okinawa is becoming contaminated. On November 16, 1968, a Japan Science Council symposium was told that abnormal levels of radioactivity in the mud of Naha Port had been caused by the repeated visits there of U.S. nuclear-powered submarines, and that fish caught in the port contained detectable amounts of cobalt 60. Prof. Tai Miyake of Tokyo University of Education told the session that it was too early to determine how harmful the radioactivity of the fish would be to human beings, but this was the first time that scientists had found cobalt 60 in edible fish taken from Okinawan waters.

A joint U.S.-Okinawa research team has said the amount of radioactivity found in Naha Port mud is harmless. For three days from September 15 last year, the U.S. Civil Administration on Okinawa carried out a radioactivity survey while the nuclear sub *Guardfish* was at Naha's

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naval base. The samples of mud were analyzed by the Southeastern Radioactivity Research Institute of the U.S. Government, but the subsequent report did not disclose the amount of cobalt 60 detected. Consequently, various organizations affiliated with the left-wing opposition parties, including the Okinawa Council Against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs, were not taking soothing reports at face value. They believe that a higher radioactivity reading was recorded in the latest survey than in those made previously.

Such acts and findings, as well as the fears of housewives who buy fish, of school children who gather in playgrounds subject to dangers from the sky, and of their parents who cannot know when someone will push a button and engulf the island in another war, screw up the tension. Late in 1968, Otto Passman, chairman of the House Appropriations subcommittee on foreign aid, said that he didn't think Americans should permit Okinawans to dictate the policy of the United States. On November 29, ex-envoy to Japan Reischauer said, in a report distributed by the Brookings Institution, that unless Okinawa is returned to Japan—and returned clean of nuclear weapons—America could not have effective bases on the island. Reischauer believes that if the security pact with Japan fails, the nearly 1 million Japanese living in and around U.S. bases on Okinawa would soon make them ineffective, if not untenable.

The Okinawans want their island returned to Japan and the U.S. bases to be given the same non-nuclear status as those in Japan. But it is evident that the military wants to hang on to its nuclear weapons in Okinawa and to enjoy in future the present freedom of movement regarding U.S. bases there. Some experts say the United States needs nuclear weapons on Okinawa; other says it does not. Which voice is stronger? And will Okinawans have a say?

Prime Minister Sato will meet with Nixon in Washington, probably next fall, and their joint communiqué—perhaps the most important document of 1969—will fix a date or at least a timetable, for the return of Okinawa. Presumably, the latest date will be 1972, but what about the nuclear warheads? Depending on government estimates of the strength of the anti-nuclear movement, such warheads will either be kept on Okinawa, or some alternate arrangement will be worked out: for example, both sides will agree that U.S. bases in Okinawa will be made "nuclear emergency bases," meaning that the warheads will not be permanently on hand, but that in an emergency, subject to prior consultation with the Japanese Government, they could be brought into Okinawa. Probably, specific details of the nuclear issue will be omitted from the communiqué and left for further "joint talks."

There is also a "bases problem" in Japan proper. As of 1968 we had 148 military bases and facilities in Japan. At year's end, the U.S. Embassy announced that about fifty could be reduced, relocated or returned to Japan, perhaps in 1969. But it turns out that these fifty are installations which are already in moth balls or are only partly used, and not regarded as conspicuous sources of hazard to local citizens. Thus great dissatisfaction remains. What raised the pitch of the anti-base protest was the crash, last June 2, of a U.S. F-4 Phantom jet fighter-bomber, flying from Itazuke Air Base. It came down on the campus of Kyushu University, embedding itself in the new Electronic Computer Center, then under construction. Nobody was hurt but a movement for removal of the air base, located nearby, and for guarantees against future accidents of the sort, are continuing. Last year, while the U.S. nuclear sub *Swordfish* was docked in Sasebo, an unusual amount of radioactivity was detected in the harbor, and that created another wave of protest. A team of U.S. Government scientists, after visiting Sasebo, declared that the sub was in no way at fault, but many Japanese, including scientists, were not convinced.

A staggering 92.6 per cent of the population around U.S. naval bases opposes visits of nuclear submarines to Japan. Some 82 per cent of the people living around all the U.S. facilities in Japan are against the maintenance of such facilities. And 73.7 per cent of those living near U.S. air bases dislike having them in their neighborhood. These figures are given in a late December survey of 16,760 persons picked at random at U.S. base sites. The survey was conducted by *Komeito* (Clean Government Party), the political offspring of Soka Gakkai, an influential Buddhist religious institution in Japan. Of course, the opposition parties intend to make good use of these sentiments. For instance, the Socialist Party will stage a nation-wide anti-base rally and march on April 28 in concert with a nation-wide campaign calling for return of Okinawa. Other activities are planned.

Many people in Japan who are not opposed to the Security Pact itself object strongly to the hazards and nuisances arising from the presence of the bases. Thus unless remedies are found, it is likely that such persons will decide to oppose the pact as the most effective way to eliminate the bases. At present, the American and Japanese Governments are trying hard to persuade the Japanese public that the bases are necessary, at least until tensions ease in the Far East, or until the Self-Defense Forces are strong enough to provide for Japan's defense without heavy support from the United States. Washington is prodding Japan to rearm at a more rapid rate. Japan is to be built up as a counterweight to nuclear China. Herman Kahn, the futurologist, expects the SDF to possess nuclear arms by the mid-1970s. The Japanese are being pushed in this direction, their pacifism and "nuclear allergy" being held up to ridicule. Ironically, the men who bombed Pearl Harbor hold influential posts in contemporary Japan; they are the hawks. Most Americans do not remember; most Japanese do.

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JET-AGE DIVERSIONS

WORLD LAW AND THE HIJACKERS

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL
An airline pilot for more than twenty-five years, Mr. Ruppenthal is director of the Transportation Management Program at Stanford University.

The inauguration of nonstop jet service between Nashville, Tenn., and Miami, Fla., was no earth-shaking event, but important enough locally to persuade the Mayor and a few lesser dignitaries to be on hand for ribbon-cutting ceremonies. Under the gaze of a TV camera, a mini-skirted hostess bestowed a kiss on His Honor, some champagne was spilled, and the flight took off. The newsmen filed their perfunctory stories—and then the real news broke: that first nonstop jet from Nashville to Miami was hijacked, becoming instead nonstop to Havana.

The hijacking itself was hardly novel; like a score of similar happenings in recent months, it followed an all too familiar script. A gunman, forcing his way into the cockpit, ordered the pilot to change course and head for Cuba; the pilot prudently obeyed. Hijacking has become so common in recent months that at least one major airline has instructed its pilots not to resist, but simply to keep the company posted as to the plane's whereabouts. The pilots of a line that operated into Havana in pre-Castro days have quietly reinserted the Havana approach plates in their navigation kits. Another airline has provided its pilots with up-to-date navigation information.

For Airways Traffic Control, diversions to Havana present no more problem than would the switch to an alternate airport because of weather conditions. Although the United States and Cuba do not officially speak to each other, cooperative control of the navigational air space continues. (The situation has parallels in other parts of the world. The United States and Russia work together on traffic control for flights between the two countries; India and Pakistan exchange data relevant to flights overflying both countries; and various Southeast Asian countries provide traffic control for commercial flights in that area.) When the pilot of a U.S. plane informs Miami Airways Traffic Control that he is diverting to Havana, the controller routinely calls Havana ATC to inform it of the plane's altitude, destination and estimated time of arrival.

Once the flight is on the ground, passenger anxiety usually turns to guarded interest. For reasons best known to the Castro government, the flights are not simply refueled and sent to their original destination. Instead, the passengers are loaded into fairly comfortable buses and taken to Varadero Beach Airport, from where they are flown to Miami in propeller-driven planes, chartered and sent down for the purpose. In the intervening hours, passengers can observe some of the changes that have taken place at Varadero. Once one of the most exclusive watering places in the world, its beaches are now open to thousands of Castro's Cubans, apparently without restrictions of any kind.

The age of hijacking—aviation style—began almost a decade ago. On April 16, 1959, four Cubans who had served as policemen under the Batista regime seized a Cuban plane with twenty-two passengers aboard and forced it to fly to Miami. According to the Miami newspapers, their daring feat tweaked the dictator's nose while it enabled them to escape from his firing squads. In 1960 three Cuban planes were similarly diverted to Miami. Each of these events was duly celebrated in the American press, the editors taking occasion to sermonize on freedom from communism and Castro. Strictly speaking, not all the incidents were cases of hijacking; sometimes planes have been stolen by Cubans wishing to escape to the United States, and thus far, according to the State Department, no one who arrived so unceremoniously at Miami has asked to be sent home. The planes themselves are turned over to representatives from Cuba, who fly them back to Havana.

But hijacked or stolen, the eccentric flights did not maintain for long an exclusively northbound pattern. On May 1, 1961, an American of Puerto Rican birth seized a National Airlines plane over Florida and forced it to land at Havana. In 1961 two more Cuban planes were flown to Miami, while three more arrived unexpectedly in Cuba. Then for a time it appeared that the hijacking epidemic might die a natural death: only one plane was commandeered in each year of 1962, 1963 and 1964. But hijacking increased sharply in 1968, when twenty commercial airliners and four private aircraft were forced to fly to Cuba. There were also at least five other attempts. The vogue for navigation by armed passengers has now reached such a pitch that a Long Island housewife, planning a Florida holiday, placed a public notice in *The New York Times* assuring the airline that enjoys her patronage and the United States Government that she will sue them for $1 million each, if her plane strays into foreign territory.

While the Caribbean has been the area most plagued by hijacking, other parts of the world have not been entirely spared. A serious international incident was created in 1968 when an Arab nationalist hijacked an El Al Israeli jetliner and forced it to land at Algiers. Instead of quietly returning the plane, crew and passengers, as is the custom of the Cubans, the Algiers government stalled. Not until the International Air Line Pilots Association had threatened to boycott Algeria (and there was a great deal of diplomatic pressure behind the scenes) were the plane and its passengers returned. As part of the deal, also, Israel made restitution of certain military items that it had captured from other Arab countries.

In the first week of 1969, seven planes were hijacked: four Florida-bound American planes were redirected to Havana at gun point. An Athens-bound Olympic Airways plane made its way to Cairo after George Paravolidakis

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fired one shot through the cockpit window to prove that he meant business. And in the Caribbean, planes belonging to Avianca, the Colombian airline, and to APSA, the Peruvian airline, also changed course and flew to Cuba. In an interval of thirty-six hours there were also three attempts from the Cuban end—two of them successful. On January 19, hijacking scored its greatest "haul" to date, when an Eastern flight with 171 passengers aboard was redirected to Havana by a young man brandishing a hand grenade. On that same day, an Ecuadorian plane, carrying eighty-eight persons, including the general secretary to President Valasco, was forcefully diverted from a flight to Quito and Miami. For the second time in January, two planes were hijacked to Cuba in one day. No area in the world is completely safe from the hijacking menace, and there is no indication as yet that it has passed its peak. It is, in fact, unlikely to do so until realistic action is taken to stop the dangerous game.

Highly concerned about the potential dangers, the commercial airlines have been seeking vainly for some kind of solution to the problem. At best, the escapades are expensive for the companies and their passengers. Each time an airliner is diverted to Havana, its owners must stand the cost of the charter planes that are sent from Miami to Varadero to pick up the passengers. Other direct costs involve crew salaries, landing fees and additional fuel. But by far the most important expense for the airline is the loss to service of equipment and the attendant disruption of schedules. A fully booked jet can gross approximately $5,000 per hour, and a forced trip to Cuba may easily cost an airline $100,000. Productive time lost by passengers is difficult to assess, but must be substantial.

Direct costs and the loss of potential earnings are not the whole story. There is also a terror factor. The long Algerian internment of the El Al plane and passengers (together with the more recent attack on an El Al plane at Athens) is already having some effect. The more skittish travelers avoid traveling on an Israeli plane when reasonable alternatives are available—an effect no doubt anticipated by the Arab terrorists. That there is any reduction in U.S. airline travel because of the Cuban diversions is not known, but it is reasonable to believe that vacation travel in and around Florida and the Caribbean has not increased because of the possibility of an unexpected visit to Cuba.

Waite, The Sun (London)
"This Is Your Captain Speaking"

Of course the greatest potential cost in hijacking is the exposure to mortal risk. It takes little imagination to appreciate what could happen to a jet flying at 37,000 feet, if some overstimulated hijacker should open fire. A serious situation could result if a bullet pierced the pressurized skin of the aircraft; should a bullet sever a vital control cable, tragedy would almost certainly result. Meanwhile, the effects of panic could scarcely fail to be catastrophic.

More directly concerned than any other group, the airline pilots have sought means to bring the hijacking era to a close. Some of the more swashbuckling fliers have urged the Federal Aviation Administration to permit the arming of all airline pilots—a proposal raising images of gun duels in cockpit and cabin that would hardly increase safety in the air. Thoughtful airline executives recoil from the idea and have sided with the FAA in rejecting this simplistic approach to the problem.

Probably the most striking fact about air hijacking is that there is almost no parallel in other modes of transportation. True, holdups of trucks, trains and buses do occur, but these crimes are dealt with by local officials in prescribed fashion. Only at sea, because of the uncertainty of lines demarking international and domestic waters, can similar questions arise about legal jurisdiction.

But although thousands of ships ply the international waters of the world, hijacking at sea—that is, piracy—is relatively rare. This, no doubt, is because there is absolutely no question about the legal status of the crime. It has long been regarded internationally as an extremely serious matter, and no court in the world is inclined to regard it otherwise.

But although the penalties for piracy at sea have long been established and fairly well enforced, the same cannot be said for piracy in the air. Indeed, the legal status of this activity is so clouded that it is not at all certain that its perpetrators are always guilty of a crime or that their deed will invariably be punished. There is no clear-cut international law regarding hijacking in the air to parallel the laws regarding piracy at sea.

An initial attempt to establish such laws was made some years ago in Tokyo when twenty-nine nations signed a convention that would make it an international crime to hijack a plane. The convention provides, briefly, that crimes aboard an aircraft shall be dealt with by the nation under whose flag the aircraft flies. Once some of the important questions of legal jurisdiction are settled, it would then become a routine matter for the nation under whose jurisdiction the hijacking occurred to seek extradition of the criminal from the country to which he had forced the plane to fly.

Of course difficult questions concerning political asylum would still remain. By far the majority of the jet-age hijackers have wished not to steal the aircraft or its cargo but to reach some country for political reasons. George Paravolidakis (alias Flamorides) who hijacked the Athens-

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bound Olympic plane to Cairo, claimed that he did so for political reasons and that he would be murdered if the Egyptians permitted his extradition to Greece. All of the individuals who diverted Cuban planes to Miami professed to be escaping death or tyranny at Castro's hands. There is little doubt that if they were faced with the real possibility of extradition, some Cuba-bound hijackers would make the same claim as regards their potential fate in the United States.

This is not to say that there are no teeth in the Tokyo convention. Indeed, it is probably the best partial remedy to the hijacking menace that is fairly readily available. But—first step that it is—it leaves unsolved some important questions concerning extradition. Once the convention is ratified, there will still be disagreements regarding the nature of the crime committed. From the standpoint of the aggrieved nation, hijacking would be regarded as serious international robbery, calling for appropriate penalties. But the hijacker himself (and the country to which he flies) might regard his act as but a part of a political crime—for which political asylum is appropriate. Undoubtedly the best solution would be to regard hijacking, wherever committed and for whatever reason, as an international crime. Because of the high degree of peril and the innocent lives endangered, it should be banned by all nations as a route to political asylum.

Meanwhile little is being done about the clear and present danger. No study is under way to determine why so many planes are hijacked to Cuba (would the reinstitution of scheduled air service stop much of it?), and no significant move has been made by the United Nations to deal with the problem.

Although the Tokyo convention is the only significant international effort to date that seeks to combat a growing threat to public safety the world over, it has been signed by but twenty-nine nations, and of those only eight have ratified it (the Philippines, Formosa, Portugal, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and the United Kingdom). Notably absent from both lists is the United States—the nation with the largest fleet of commercial aircraft and presumably with the most to gain from some recognized international law in the air.

HAWAIIAN NATIONALISTS

TRAPPED IN A MYSTIQUE

WILLIAM L. ABBOTT
Mr. Abbott, who served on the Steering Committee of Volunteers for McCarthy, was Education Director of the United Rubber Workers from 1960 to April, 1968. He is currently a specialist in labor-management education at the University of Hawaii.

Honolulu

This year, a new statue will be unveiled in the nation's capital. It is the romanticized likeness of King Kamehameha "The Great," a pagan chief whom Hawaii has selected as the eminent personality it wishes to show off to the people of America.

The nearest comparison to the King is Adolf Hitler, although King Kam, who came to the throne of one of the then four kingdoms in 1782, was more debauched. He treacherously murdered his own relative, used his prisoners for human sacrifice, and conquered most of the Hawaiian Islands in a bald act of premeditated aggression. He won his wars with the aid of Western gunnery and his conquest opened up Hawaiian land and markets to European and American traders who quickly stole the Hawaiians blind, decimated their population with their diseases, and subjugated them into a servant race.

Kamehameha's weakness for rum, silk hats and trinkets moved him to send the men high into the mountains where they slaved to cut sandalwood for the China trade, while their families back home died of starvation. He literally sold his people out. Few, if any, reputable persons who knew him, white or brown, had a good thing to say of the King or his reign. "In the reign of King Kamehameha we were not taught to respect the rights of others," said Governor Kekuanaoa in 1841. "We abused the maimed and the aged, and the chiefs oppressed the poor without mercy."

But the passing of years has brought about in Hawaii a brown nationalism which changed this ugly image of the King into the benign lover of an adoring people. At the same time, he became the warrior symbol of virility, which identity the leadership of the brown race felt the people needed to gain self-respect. The King (a holiday named after him features nostalgic royal parades) is only one manifestation of this brown nationalism which began late in the 19th century when the Hawaiian leadership finally realized it was being duped and briefly attempted to assert itself. The whites responded sharply to the unexpected impudence of Hawaiians who presumed to think they had the right to rule their own country. They abolished the monarchy in 1893, took the vote away from all Orientals, and set up a republic.

The Hawaiian leaders then tacitly conspired with the white power structure. They wanted the identity of brown nationalism and in exchange they would not protest the reality of white power. The whites quickly saw that this kind of cultural nationalism could be a useful means of social control and they embraced it fully.

Hawaiian leaders dutifully supported the "Big Five" corporations which controlled the life of the islands for about 100 years. Despite the poverty of the average Hawaiian, there was no real protest when unionists were shot, deported, or jailed for trying to increase wages and improve working conditions. White society was Republican

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and the Hawaiians never objected that in some areas a man's job was in jeopardy if he had so much as a relative who was a Democrat. As late as 1938, Democrats on Hawaii's largest island met in secret and campaigned by moonlight. Employers marched their workers to the polls and watched them vote.

In return for supporting this restrictive society, Hawaiians were permitted to sit in the legislature. In 1907, the Senate had eight Hawaiians and seven whites; the House was made up of twenty-three Hawaiians, four whites and three Portuguese (who were not classed officially as Caucasian). The new worship of King Kamehameha was well under way with all the attendant festivities to attract tourist dollars for white pocketbooks. Today, brown nationalism is fairly rampaging: cars sport "Restore the Monarchy" bumper stickers, radio stations cater exclusively to Hawaiian music, the arts and crafts of ancient Hawaii delight the more than 1 million tourists who come to the islands each year.

More important, brown nationalism has become a style of life, not only for the Hawaiians but for persons of all races who call themselves "locals" and subscribe to the Hawaiian mystique. A Japanese-American youth told of how good the communication was among all the locals. "When we see another local we see a soul brother." It didn't bother him in the least that all these soul brothers are so jealous of one another's successes that they seek out mainland whites to direct them. The island labor movement, for example, has continually gone to the mainland to fill top posts, despite the fact that men of ability are available. A native Hawaiian unionist explained: "We don't like seeing any friends of ours getting ahead of us."

Questioned on this point, the youth defensively shot back: "Let the whites rule; all they get for it is ulcers. They don't know how to live."

That is a fairly standard answer. Certainly nobody gives a more swinging luau than a ghetto Hawaiian. For plunking out songs on the ukulele, for graceful hula dancing, for being warmhearted, generous, loving and hospitable, Hawaiians are superb. And the Hawaiians gave the aloha spirit to the world. It is the feeling of freedom to love anybody and everybody. Thirty-eight per cent of marriages in Hawaii are interracial. You dress the way you want, you take a little more time to be considerate of other people than you would elsewhere, and this Hawaiian contribution to human relationships is of no small value.

But Hawaiians have television sets and they are quite naturally resentful when they discover that others live better than they. The average income of the native Hawaiian is only half that of the average white. His unemployment rate is the highest of any group, and the poverty areas in which he lives have severe schooling, transportation and health facility problems. In one area there is a yearly teacher turnover of 40 per cent; no full-time doctor as yet serves this area, and one must travel miles for medical aid. The frustrated resentment leads to hate of the well-off whites and Orientals, and it occasionally explodes after school when Hawaiians beat up white children. Instead of rebelling as the Japanese in Hawaii rebel, by determining to achieve power and with it integration, Hawaiians have the highest dropout rate, and although they constitute only 17 per cent of the state's population, they accounted in 1966 for nearly half of all children arrested.

But the Hawaiian has been trained to be full to the brim with aloha for everyone. Hate is unworthy of him. Thus he turns his natural hatred of those more fortunate upon himself and his own kind. Self-hate leads to personal impotence, unwillingness to see friends get ahead leads to group impotence. The Hawaiian drops out and dreams of a monarchy of ribboned kings and hoop-skirted queens, who in their day of glory exploited him and betrayed him more cynically than the whites ever did.

In contrast the Japanese, acting as a united power group and with a much rougher row to hoe than the Hawaiians, now have an important say in the political life of the islands. They have risen from the lowest economic group in the early part of this century, until their incomes are now only slightly less than those of the whites and Chinese.

In 1947, the Hawaiian-white conservative coalition still dominated the legislature. Twenty years later there were more Japanese than all other ethnic groups combined in the House and a very large segment of Japanese in the Senate. Three out of Hawaii's four Congressional representatives to Washington are Americans of Japanese ancestry.

The Japanese in Hawaii learned the hard way that

Fortune

Kamehameha the Great (Honolulu)

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nationalism and power are incompatible. Since 1900 they had tried their own form of nationalism with segregated labor unions and strikes and Japanese-language schools. All it brought them was distrust, hatred and defeat.

Japanese-American veterans came back to Hawaii after World War II determined to end the race hate against them. They decided that to advance as a group they had to end all prejudice and they ran on a program of integration. They took over the Democratic Party, promoted social reform, and swept to victory in the "Revolution of 1954" when the Democrats captured the legislature. Liberal Japanese won at the expense of conservative Hawaiians. "Japanese power" appealed to so many ethnic groups because of its policy of integration and social democracy that it readily won allies. It had to have them, for the Japanese constituted only one-third the population of the state.

The Hawaiians still seem determined to go the other way. At the heart of brown nationalism is a self-imposed segregation. (Oddly enough, it goes against the natural integrationist tendencies of the Hawaiian, for while the racial intermarriage rate is lowest among the Japanese, it is highest among the Hawaiians.) The seat of this segregation is the Kamehameha schools which are restricted to persons of Hawaiian blood who are prepared to be taught by Protestants. The schools were established in the last century to train Hawaiians to serve the whites and make certain that there would always be docile brown people around to dig the ditches and collect the garbage.

The schools are supported by the wealthy Bishop Estate, which pays its trustees $48,000 a year and which owns nearly 10 per cent of Hawaii's land. To keep the Bishop Estate intact, most articulate Hawaiian leaders oppose much needed land reforms. Acreage is so scarce that it sells for $1.68 per square foot, as compared to an average of 52c on the mainland. Seventy-two private landowners hold 47 per cent of Hawaii's land, and the military has title to another 14 per cent.

White paternalism has helped to guide this nationalism. By 1848, two missionaries were making most of the monarchy's decisions. This was the year when the lands which had once been the exclusive possession of the King and his chiefs were broken up. The whites began immediately to buy. Government holdings went for as little as 12c an acre. In 1880, Princess Ruth sold the crown lands to Claus Spreckles for $10,000. The legislature bought them back by giving Spreckles 24,000 acres on the island of Maui. By the year 1914, one-third of the land was in white hands and a third more in the process of transfer.

In 1920, Congress created the Hawaiian Homes Commission for the "further rehabilitation of the Hawaiian race," but only 10 per cent of the land is being used by native Hawaiians. One-third of Hawaiian homelands are rented by the huge Parker cattle ranch; another ranch occupies 20 per cent of the land. Hawaiian homesteaders are assigned isolated lots, thereby further separating them from the rest of the community.

Hawaiians speak pidgin which originated in the old trading language, half Hawaiian, half English, and it too bars the Hawaiians from mainstream society. More than a racial language, it has become a class language, the speech of the poor. Class is a greater problem than race in Hawaii. Hawaiians did not hesitate to elect a Negro to the Honolulu City Council, although Negroes constitute less than 0.5 per cent of the population. He spoke good English and this made him almost a *haole*. This was originally the Hawaiian term for a Caucasian; then as Portuguese were imported to cultivate the sugar plantations it came to mean an upper-class white, for working-class Portuguese did not qualify. Today, it is applied to any middle-class individual who uses impeccable English. Not long ago, Hawaiians rejected "*haole* leadership" in a group that was trying to organize for social change. The leader was a pretty Japanese-American girl. A Volunteers for McCarthy group told one another: "The trouble with us is that we are all *haoles*; we aren't attracting the locals." Several locally born Chinese and Japanese faces gravely nodded assent. If *haole* is coming to mean an articulate member of the middle class, "local" has lower-class connotations.

One can see this distinction at work in Honolulu's Model Cities Program which, despite its emphasis on broad citizen participation, is dominated by the middle class. The city's two programs are in poverty areas, but the poor do not know the parliamentary procedures and language of the middle class. They decide that this kind of participation is not for them and leave in disgust. *Haoles,* be they white or Oriental, rule even in areas where the overwhelming majority of people are poor. Brown nationalism has helped keep the poor impotent by its insistence on separatism.

Brown power, now beginning to make itself felt, is something totally different, as realistic as brown nationalism is fundamentally unreal. It is the concept that to advance as a group you must organize, find allies, and confront the power structure with your own power, either through the ballot or by direct action. Both Hawaiian labor unions and the Japanese have done this successfully. The unions won only after they ceased their practices of self-imposed racial segregation and insisted upon integration. Today, Hawaiian sugar and pineapple workers are the highest paid agricultural workers in the world.

But the unions have forgotten about those who remain unorganized and poor. Organizing efforts among the poor are being made mostly by young middle-class idealists working with poverty programs, with churches, or who are connected either as students or teachers with the university. Since they cannot organize on a traditional craft or industry basis they are trying to organize geographically.

The community organizers see themselves only as trainers and catalysts, to get things going and remove themselves as soon as the groups they have organized begin to function. If the poor are to help themselves they will have to run their own power bloc. When this happens there may be hell to pay. The hypocrisy in the public worship of King Kamehameha, the warrior, is that the middle class can't really conceive of a warlike Hawaiian. Hawaiians were created to be lovable and to be stepped

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on; whenever a Hawaiian stands up for his rights there is shocked anger among the middle class.

In 1938, Hawaiians briefly shattered the image of the docile, happy native by marching with fellow union sympathizers of other races to the government pier in Hilo to protest a strike-breaking move. They were unarmed; they sat down on the pier. The police advanced with bayonets, backed by gun-bearing men "prominent in the city's business circles," according to a newsman.

"I was lying on the ground," said Kai Urutani, "when a police officer came up to me and bayoneted me in the back." Strike leader Harry Kamoku said that the police "just kept pumping buckshot and bullets into our bodies. They shot men in the back as they ran." When the Hilo massacre ended, thirty-six victims were carted off to the hospital.

No power structure will give up its power without a fight, although the Democratic Party-Business-Labor establishment which runs the state will probably not resort to another Hilo massacre. The liberalism of the 1950s, which brought the Japanese to power, along with many white liberals, has become the entrenched bureaucracy of today.

The *haole* community organizers are either Eugene McCarthy liberals or SDS radicals. They have several severe problems in working with the poor. The Hawaiians soon told them to drop their anti-military talk, for to the average poor Hawaiian the army is the only hope for an advance in status. The organizers will have to find substitute status goals, probably something akin to a union business agent or international representative.

The radicals start at a disadvantage, for they reject the very values the poor are trying to achieve. However, the Peace and Freedom Party, whose Senatorial candidate polled only 250 votes in a state-wide primary, has a storefront referral and counseling service for teen-agers in the ghetto, and high school students are coming there for advice and help which they feel they can't get elsewhere. The radicals are working in several ghetto areas because nobody else is doing the job. As community organizers, however, their problem is to attract allies from among middle-class liberals, for if only 20 per cent are poor and 80 per cent are at least middle class, the poor can't win without the help of segments of the economic majority.

In training sessions on the islands of Oahu and Hawaii, leaders of the poor have come together with middle-class representatives to try to work out their differences. The *haoles* learned that the poor could conduct efficient meetings, even without parliamentary procedure, because they weren't in love with the sound of their own voices, as were their middle-class allies. They wanted action instead of talk, and got things accomplished faster their way than by using middle-class procedures. The lesson for every poverty program is evident: if resident participation is really wanted, anti-poverty organizations must adapt to the life style of the poor. Currently, the poor are being asked to conform to middle-class ways.

As to who does the training, things are very loose. It is all pioneer work, for there are no textbooks. A church group may conduct a training conference. Recently, the Labor-Management Education Program of the University of Hawaii got Chicago community organizer Saul Alinsky to instruct its trainees. The Model Cities and Community Action Programs attract idealists who, although they find fault with government programs, are better able to discern what went wrong with the War on Poverty and what is needed to help the poor help themselves. They find soul brothers—or sisters for many are girls—and thus a group is formed.

"Brown power" also embraces the growing Samoan population and the Filipinos. But being a minority, it cannot win alone. Once the poor get organized they will have to confront the power structure with a program that will appeal also to a large segment of the middle class. Until then, the ghettos will remain.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 130)*

small areas) when the UN-authorized independent Arab state was slow in establishing itself?

Did the nations of the world—separately or acting through the UN—in any way object to the massing of troops around the borders of Israel in May, 1967, with the proclaimed purpose of destroying the country and its inhabitants? . . .

So many supposedly humanitarian and liberal individuals and publications share with the great imperialist powers of all times the feeling that world conditions would be simplified if smaller nations were made parts of other blocs—denying on the international scene the individuality they so cherish on a personal level. Aside from that idealistic respect for individualism, one must be practical minded enough to have been able to learn that until some arrangement makes the lambs secure (they being, among others, Czechoslovakia, Yemen, Israel, the Dominican Republic, Estonia, Vietnam), not even the lion or the bear or the eagle can be secure—nor can any individual.

There are indeed many myths in international politics, but they serve as substitutes for the unrealized dreams, and when the dream will have been realized, the paranoid myths, great and small, will fade away.

Rabbi Samuel M. Burstein
Beth Emeth Synagogue

Bath, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Your statement that Russian and American interests are not incompatible in this area is another "myth" with which some Americans delude themselves. The military dependency of Arabs on Russia potentially can open the entire African continent to Russian influence and control. Failure to acknowledge this obvious factor in geopolitics is naive. United States interests are linked to Israel not by the political influence of Jewish voters but by the simple fact that its mere existence automatically blocks the development of the Arab-Russian dream of total hegemony in that area. The dispatch of U. S. Marines to Lebanon by President Eisenhower was adequate witness to that fact. It is indeed unfortunate that the need to protect Europe's oil supplies from Arabia has watered down our commitment to Israel. That, unfortunately, is not a myth but a fact. . . .

More candor and less hypocrisy is needed to face the plain fact that Israeli conditions are eminently fair, and it is not likely to yield significantly. . . . Difficult as it may be for old-fashioned liberals to understand, the West is going to have to stand beside its only outpost of democracy in the Middle East, or go down with it. This is one time the big powers are not going to be able to sell out a small nation for their own convenience. *S. Drucker*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

In His Own Image

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS, JOURNALISM AND LETTERS OF GEORGE ORWELL. *Edited by Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus. With an Introduction by Sonia Orwell. Harcourt, Brace & World. 4 Vols. 2041 pp. $34.80.*

PETER CLECAK

Mr. Clecak teaches English at the University of California (Irvine), and is at work on a book on contemporary American social criticism.

"At 50," George Orwell observed, "everyone has the face he deserves." Dying of tuberculosis at 46, he narrowly missed the chance to test his harsh prophecy. Perhaps the face of this elusive figure would have become clearer had he lived beyond mid-century. Or perhaps the anti-utopian fantasy of *1984* (which appeared shortly before his death) is the furthest point of Orwell's personal and historical navigation, the culmination of his experience (to paraphrase Joseph Conrad's Marlow). Whether the dark and pessimistic vision of *1984* marks the borders of silence and madness, or represents the prelude to a reintegrated conception of self and history must remain a speculative question. For those who cannot give up the idea of combining the roles of radical intellectual and political activist, however, it is probably the most important question worth asking about Orwell. Is the constant struggle to *define* rational, moral and imaginative perspectives for one's own time doomed by the narrow historical and political means of *embodying* them? Orwell's tentative answers may not be our own, but his questions and his modes of exploring them remain central in the late 1960s.

This massive collection edited by Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus spans nearly three decades of Orwell's journalistic, literary and political career (1920-50). It simultaneously covers three decades of world history. While exploring nearly every major historical and literary phenomenon of his time, Orwell always managed to include himself as witness and participant. His work is at once autobiographical and historical: fact and value, private and public issues form parts of a unified, continuous, and incredibly rich intellectual odyssey. These four volumes alone—with their more than 200 letters, 100 substantial essays and reviews, and an assortment of occasional pieces—would guarantee Orwell's position as one of the leading political journalists and literary critics of this century. The collection is even more impressive when one notes that the work included in the volumes is an addition to Orwell's major books—*Down and Out in Paris and London, The Road to Wigan Pier, Homage to Catalonia, Animal Farm* and *1984*.

Orwell once remarked that he would "never reprint in book form anything of less than 2,000 words." Had the editors followed this advice, they would surely have produced a more flattering portrait. But Orwell is easily good enough to withstand a full edition of his prose. The intriguing problem is whether the editors could have produced a more lucid image of him. By arranging the diverse materials chronologically, they take only the first (and obvious) step in working a complex puzzle. When the pieces are sorted into chronological piles, Orwell still remains obscure. And yet, considering the semi-autobiographical character of his work, I cannot imagine another principle of organization which would not distort the reader's perspective—or rather, further distort it. For the primary obstacle to understanding and evaluating Orwell's life and work lies in the tendency of postwar critics to remake him in their own images.

In its broad outlines, Orwell's life conforms to a dominant pattern of expectation and disillusionment embodied in such figures as Koestler, Silone and Malraux, and reconstructed by a wave of postwar liberal and Left intellectuals who regarded Orwell's central dilemma as their own. The son of a British civil servant, Orwell was born in Burma and attended English public schools (St. Cyprian's and Eton) on scholarships. He spent his young manhood wandering about the Empire and parts of Europe, serving with the Indian Imperial Police in Burma, and later living in the working-class districts of London and Paris. During the 1930s, most of his energies went into writing and politics. He was wounded in Spain while fighting with a small group (POUM) composed mainly of Trotskyists and anarchists. He also sustained a psychic wound which was to shape all of his later work: a few years before his death he observed that "The Spanish War and other events of 1936-37 turned the scale and thereafter I knew where I stood. Every line of serious work that I have written since 1936 has been written, directly or indirectly, *against* totalitarianism and *for* democratic socialism. . . ." He spent the remainder of his life working out the terms of his disillusionment with the revolutionary forces—as a commentator for the B.B.C. during the war, as a journalist for various publications (including the *London Tribune* and *Partisan Review*), and through the major works of his political imagination, *Animal Farm* and *1984*.

It was after the publication of *1984* that Orwell became, as Isaac Deutscher put it, an ideological "superweapon of the cold war." Stalinist critics attacked the book as a worthless anti-Soviet tract which, as Samuel Sillen bluntly declared in *Masses & Mainstream*, "coincides perfectly with the propaganda of the National Association of Manufacturers." The author was characterized as a moral monster, an enemy of mankind, and as if that weren't enough, a former Trotskyist sympathizer. Those who admired Orwell as a brave cold warrior treated him with a similar artlessness. His fable, they declared, exposed the dangers of totalitarian (in those days, Russian and Eastern European) regimes. Between these two views, Orwell's face was hardened into a crude mask, and he was turned into a servant of political forces he sought, in varying degrees, to reject.

Critics who had adjusted to the shattered hopes of the 1930s by withdrawing from politics after the Second World War, concentrated almost exclusively on Orwell's personal virtues and stylistic merits. He was characterized as a model of the honest, virtuous man, "fronting the world," as Lionel Trilling observes, "with nothing more than one's simple, direct, undeceived intelligence, and a respect for the powers one does have, and the work one undertakes to do." This touching, if rather patronizing eulogy celebrated the postwar liberals' model of individual salvation: a common acceptance of the failure of radical politics, and a somewhat weary acquiescence to a tragic view of history (a myth with obvious appeal to tragic heroes with tenure). But it substituted Trilling's relatively calm adjustment for Orwell's turbulent and agonizing experience.

Those in Orwell's own tradition of democratic socialism were most sensitive to the tensions between biography and history which lie at the core of all his writing. Critics such as Irving Howe and Philip Rahv interpreted Orwell's dilemma

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essentially in terms of his efforts to find a radical politics whose means and ends were roughly consistent with the individual values of decency, fairness and modesty. They also defined Orwell's chief personal and stylistic merits—his capacity to say what he saw as clearly as possible, and to assess his experience candidly in terms of his moral criteria. At his best, Orwell is a lucid, forceful and vivid writer, often brilliantly self-conscious of his limited angle of vision, a master at exposing the intellectual confusions and moral hypocrisies of his many opponents—the Fascists, the English ruling class, and those on the Left with whom he disagreed. "Particularly on the Left," he observed, "political thought is a sort of masturbation fantasy in which the world of facts hardly matters."

Critics in Orwell's tradition also understood the dominant mood and probable long-range significance of *1984*. Howe predicted that "In later generations *1984* may have little more than 'historic interest.' If the world of *1984* does come to pass, no one will read it except perhaps the rulers who will reflect upon its extraordinary prescience. If the world of *1984* does not come to pass, people may well feel that the book was merely a symptom of private disturbance, a nightmare. But we know better: we know that the nightmare is ours." But is *1984* merely a "symptom of private disturbance," or is it the prophetic and inescapable extension of Orwell's dominant attitudes toward self, politics and history? We may grant, as Orwell does of Swift, that "his world view is felt to be *not* altogether false—or it would probably be more accurate to say, not false all the time." It evokes a bleak mood which Western intellectuals cannot—indeed, *should not*—fully repress. But must we submit to the judgment that history *is* nightmare?

Rather than attempt a definitive answer, I shall sketch a tentative line of investigation. I think that Orwell was finally a victim of the imperialist system which defined the conflicts between his personal vision and his public (i.e., political) life. He spent most of his adult years exploring historical alternatives to imperialism, but in the end the unresolvable tensions drove him from politics to metapolitics, from critical analyses and action to his literary works.

In Orwell's brilliant autobiographical sketch, "Such, Such Were the Joys," a retrospective account of his school days written in 1946, he simultaneously dramatizes, interprets, and evaluates his early experiences, capturing the essence of his ordeal in the opening paragraph: "Soon after I arrived at St. Cyprian's (not immediately, but after a week or two, just when I seemed to be settling into the routine of school life) I began wetting my bed. I was now aged eight, so that this was a reversion to a habit which I must have grown out of at least four years earlier." He dwells on this episode, recounting the ways in which Flip and Sambo, the unforgettable Big Brothers of his youth, simultaneously condemned and deepened his sense of guilt, isolation and loneliness. "Some nights," he recalls, "the thing happened, others not. There was no volition about it, no consciousness. You did not properly speaking *do* the deed: you merely woke up in the morning and found that the sheets were wringing wet."

Thus short, threatening lectures which predictably failed in their purpose were followed by beatings: before Orwell could theoretically define the relationships between the schools and the other elements of British Empire, he *felt* the contradictory institutional demands of St. Cyprian's:

> Fright and shame seemed to have anesthetised me. I was crying partly because I felt that this was expected of me, partly from genuine repentance, but partly also because of a deeper grief which is peculiar to childhood and not easy to convey: a sense of desolate loneliness and helplessness, of being locked up not only in a hostile world but in a world of good and evil where

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> the rules were such that it was actually not possible for me to keep them.

And this experience seems to have crystallized "the great, abiding lesson" of his boyhood: "that I was in a world where it was *not possible* for me to be good." In a sense, this was the abiding lesson of his life. The "hostile world" of St. Cyprian's, which both demanded and precluded moral behavior, became a type of all institutions: they corrupt, frustrate, and eventually destroy individuals.

St. Cyprian's not only influenced Orwell's moral vision; it also shaped his epistemology and, to a considerable extent, his literary style. A confusing prison maintained by an elaborate combination of ideological and physical repression, the school took on a bleak unity for him —a unity of opposites: official values were inculcated but not practiced by the authorities, or rather, were practiced against him. As a defense against the double talk used to manipulate him, Orwell cultivated what was to become a lifelong suspicion of all abstract and dialectical modes of reasoning inconsistent with his own feelings and perceptions of the immediate environment. The years at St. Cyprian's taught him to trust only his inner sensations, the sensory world of nature, and his imagination. While at school, he was forced to rely on his feelings and to seek partial escape in imaginative literature. The rare moments of complete freedom from institutional control were spent in the countryside nearby, where he developed a love for nature: "Most of the good memories" of his childhood were "in some way connected with animals." In another context, he remarked: "I am not able, and I do not want, completely to abandon the world view that I acquired in childhood. So long as I remain alive and well I shall continue to feel strongly about prose style, to love the surface of the earth, and to take pleasure in solid objects and scraps of useless information. It is no use trying to suppress this side of myself. The job is to reconcile my ingrained likes and dislikes with the essentially public, *non-individual* activities that this age forces on all of us." (My italics.)

Throughout his life, Orwell retained, in varying degrees, the belief that personal freedom—indeed, individual identity—consisted in the *rejection* of institutional necessity. But he did not retreat from society into nature, into literature, or into self (though after leaving Eton he spent several years on the fringes of society, mainly in Paris and London). The historical system which made him an outcast and framed the essential temper of his moral, intellectual and emotional outlook also involved him in political conflict. The modes of perception and evaluation developed at St. Cyprian's helped him to grasp the ruthless aspects of British class system—its snobbery, injustice, fierce competitiveness, pettiness—and prepared him to reject the darker aspects of British imperialism as well: poverty at home and the even greater misery in the colonies. In *Coming Up For Air* (1939), Orwell observes that:

> . . . we always forget . . . that the overwhelming bulk of the British proletariat does not live in Britain, but in Asia and Africa. One gets some idea of the real relationship of England and India when one reflects that the *per capita* income in England is something over £80, and in India about £7. It is quite common for an Indian coolie's leg to be thinner than the average Englishman's arm. And there is nothing racial in this, for well-fed members of the same races are of normal physique; it is due to simple starvation. This is the system which we all live on and which we denounce when there seems to be no danger of its being altered.

For most of his life after Spain he attempted to resolve the inconsistencies between his "ingrained likes and dislikes" and the costs of political action. Finding both Stalinism and Western capitalism too repressive and hypocritical to support, Orwell tried to arrange a compromise, a politics which sought Socialist ends through democratic means. But he could not finally maintain a stable balance between personal integrity and public action. Even in the no man's land of democratic socialism, the personal price of involvement was too high (Orwell always detested the role of political propagandist), and the politics of change appeared impotent. The conflict defied resolution. To support either power bloc seemed thoroughly immoral, perhaps impossible, given his background. To steer an independent political course was futile. Finally, in *1984* the tensions were released in this bleak, monolithic vision of the absolute triumph of institutions over individuals. The world of his childhood became a prophetic metaphor of the final stages of history. It returns as *total* nightmare because Orwell's imaginative resolution annihilates the individual, whereas in the intermittent nightmare of his childhood, he could imagine the liberation of the individual.

In this simplified sketch, Orwell's career has a depressing symmetry: it begins and ends in St. Cyprian's, "in a world where it was *not possible* for . . . [him] to be good." The major part of it, however, turns on the struggle to understand and reconcile the demands of personal and public existence. He was honest enough to explore the implications of his moral code and to see that the institutional application of these values resulted in their perversion. And that, I believe, is the characteristic paralysis between thought and action which afflicts the Western intellectual who understands the injustices of imperialism without being able to embrace modes of thought and action necessary to destroy it. Orwell pursued his own salvation through a politics whose means and ends subverted each other—and failed at both. The victim of a series of tragic paradoxes, he ended his life supporting—albeit with reservations—the network of imperialist institutions which had shaped his deepest responses to himself and his world. In spite of himself, then, he became a "superweapon" in the cold war. His personal moral vision helped to preserve a system whose moral claims had been canceled by its actions throughout the underdeveloped world. As Sartre puts it in his introduction to *The Wretched of the Earth*: "Let us look at ourselves, if we can bear to, and see what is becoming of us. . . . We must face that unexpected revelation, the strip-tease of our humanism. There you can see it, quite naked, and it's not a pretty sight. It was nothing but an ideology of lies, a perfect justification for pillage; its honeyed words, its affectation of sensibility were only alibis for our aggressions." Sartre's personalized indictment of imperialism and the ideology of humanism may be simplistic. In social terms, of course, it *was* (and is) an "ideology of lies." But in personal terms, as the case of Orwell illustrates, it was the fundamental, internalized mainspring of individual thought and action.

Perhaps Orwell would have been able to survive had he been able to see more—or less. As Isaac Deutscher remarked, "The Stalinist justifications and sophisms were both *beneath* and *above* Orwell's level of reasoning." He understood that "To see what is in front of one's nose requires a constant struggle." To see beyond one's nose is equally demanding, and to unify the two perspectives—the personal and the political, the concrete and the theoretical—may be impossible. Although Orwell's distrust of abstractions protected him from what he termed "the smelly little orthodoxies" which destroy individual integrity, it also prevented him from attaining a theoretical grasp of the rational and irrational historical forces of his time, and from realizing that, in the baldest terms, the destruction of imperialism constitutes the essential precondition to human survival.

This perspective may be instinctive to the direct victims of imperialism. It is not so easily acquired by the more subtle victims. Whether stated boldly or argued subtly, however, the position requires an almost New Testament faith (the sub-

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stance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen). And it demands a logic whose propositions frequently conflict with the direct data of one's senses. Both were unavailable to Orwell. This may seem a curious observation, for the anti-historical framework of *1984* also appears to violate Orwell's epistemology. But Orwell's symbolic world of total repression and total administration was the imaginative equivalent of the deepest ranges of his interior experiences. Those of us with roughly similar backgrounds —the children of an inhuman social order—may claim to possess more comprehensive theoretical frameworks which partially attenuate the basic intellectual and moral dilemmas Orwell consistently tried to resolve. Perhaps we do. But Orwell still remains a powerful 20th-century figure who commands our attention and admiration. For in his struggle and in his defeat he embodies the chilling *feeling* of a dying world order. And that, at least, is a sign of life which contemporary radicals—the theoretically able as well as the theoretically inert—must somehow preserve.

Path to Total Destruction

NORMAN L. PARKS
Mr. Parks is chairman of the Department of Political Science at Middle Tennessee State University.

The reissuance of five titles in six volumes and the publication of two new books, all within the space of a few months and within his own lifetime, constitute for D. F. Fleming a remarkable if belated vindication.

These Fleming works include, in addition to those listed in the box on this page, still another new book to be issued in the spring by Funk & Wagnalls, entitled *America's Role in Viet Nam and Asia*. Taken together, these works testify to the remarkable vitality of what may be called the Fleming thesis of collective security against the criticism of the revisionists and the Realists, on the one hand, and the internecine conflicts between the behaviorists and traditionalists, on the other.

Nor is this the complete picture. The election of Alan Cranston to the United States Senate from California, Fleming's currently adopted home, places a Fleming-oriented political leader within the very body he so scathingly excoriated in most of his works. As a young teacher of World War II soldiers, Cranston developed a series of lectures based on *The United States and the League of Nations*. With Fleming's encouragement, he went on to write a forceful small volume called *Killing of the Peace*, which filled in many of the details of that monstrous political act of 1919 not covered in Fleming's definitive book.

The republication of the latter work thirty-six years after its original appearance attests to the durability of its scholarship and the relevance of its theme to the current world crisis. In a fresh chapter entitled "After Fifty Years," the author reassesses his original findings in the light of later research, particularly by Bailey (*Woodrow Wilson and the Lost Peace* and *The Great Betrayal*), Link (*Wilson the Diplomatist*), Garraty (*Henry Cabot Lodge*), and Mayer (*Politics and Diplomacy of Peacemaking*), and finds little to alter.

Wilson comes off with flying colors with Fleming, even in the retrospect of fifty years. The author's concern is not with the criteria of efficiency but of morality. Wilson was reasonable, patient, and courteous in his dealings with the Senate. He had the overwhelming support of the people. His stakes were the peace and security of nations. Against these were the petty vanity of Lodge, the resentment of the Republican establishment toward the President as an interloper, and the blind convictions of a few sincere isolationists unshakable by any measure. Wilson made some mistakes, not the least of which was gambling his health against a successful swing around the country. But no mistake was decisive, and the burden of the consequences lies on other shoulders.

Mr. Fleming makes no reference to the Realist school of Kennan, Marshall, Thompson and Morgenthau, and their attack on Wilson and the "legalist-moralist" approach to international politics. But he reaffirms his conviction that the refusal of the vindictive Lodge partisans and the irreconcilables to accept a Wilsonian peace and a Wilsonian league doomed collective security, the only means of preventing a repetition of the First World War on an even more terrible scale, "precisely as Woodrow Wilson had prophesied."

If the "blind, suicidal mentality" of the Lodge Senate had been touched by the second plunge of the world into the abyss, it still survived in the Connally amendment which hamstrung an effective participation in the second World Court. But Fleming was unable to foresee in any of his earlier works that it would be chiefly the Executive, and not the Senate, which would push collective security aside and try to institute a Pax Americana. This tragic course is now approaching "the final catastrophe." Since the 1968 Presidential campaign

(Continued on page 155)

Books by D. F. Fleming

THE ORIGINS AND LEGACIES OF WORLD WAR I. *Doubleday & Co. 352 pp. $6.95.*

THE TREATY VETO OF THE AMERICAN SENATE. *AMS Press. 325 pp. $12.50.*

THE UNITED STATES AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, 1918-1920. *Russell & Russell. 593 pp. $22.50.*

THE UNITED STATES AND WORLD ORGANIZATION, 1920-1933. *AMS Press. 569 pp. $15.*

THE UNITED STATES AND THE WORLD COURT, 1920-1966. *Russell & Russell. 233 pp. $8.50.*

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Yiddish Poets in Translation

NATHAN HALPER

These translations by Mr. Halper will appear in a volume tentatively entitled *A Treasury of Yiddish Poetry*, edited by Irving Howe and Elieser Greenberg, and scheduled for publication by Holt, Rinehart & Winston this year. Yiddish poetry, which is only beginning to be made available in English translation, started in the late 19th century as the work of self-conscious artists, both in the United States and Europe. In some seventy-five years it has produced several major figures and has experienced all of the "movements" of modern literature. Poetry in Yiddish continues to be written and published; two of the main literary journals which publish Yiddish poetry are *Die Goldene Kait* (Tel Aviv) and *The Zukunft* (New York City).

SABBATH IS GONE

Sabbath is gone.
On the far-off snow,
A big someone
Pours grey ash.
In the little store,
Already waiting—
A sallow girl
With a black flask.

The whip is rested.
Beside the oven,
Idle — leaning
Into the dark.
On the ledge,
A half-seen napkin—
Softly hiding
The Sabbath-bread.

The meal is eaten.
In the dimness,
My father melts
Into the board.
Between my sisters,
In tired shadow,
A thread of voices
Whispers, weaves.

My mother, by the window,
Searches for a distant star.
Does not find it.
Sits in thought.
I shrink into sadness,
Trying not to think
That the cow is waiting
For me, hay and night.

DAVID HOFSTEIN

David Hofstein was born near Kiev in 1889. He worked on his father's small farm, but managed to go on with his schooling. After a hitch in the Czar's army, he became a teacher, then an editor, translator and writer in Yiddish, Ukrainian and Russian. In 1923, he went to Berlin, then to Israel in 1925, but returned to Russia a year later. On his 50th birthday, he was given a medal by the government, and in 1946 he was honored again for his efforts in the war. But in 1948, when Stalin began to liquidate the Jewish cultural figures, he was arrested, together with a large group of Yiddish writers. He died in 1952, in the insane ward of the prison.

A MURDER

Night is brown
Like Pushkin's face.
The moon, a red ace.
Two robbers, walking,
Are talking of murder.

Waves are silvery.
The scene is saintly —
Like Leo Tolstoy's beard.
Two robbers, walking,
Are talking of murder.

One says: Let it sink
All the way into the heart.
The other smells of drink
And keeps asking questions.
They slink into the village.

A peasant sleeps in the barn,
His little bag around his neck.
They strike a fire,
Throwing a light upon his face.

The peasant's breath is low.
He does not foresee his death.
Two blades go into his throat.
Blood flares like fire.

His two small coins
Disappear into their hands.
They run. Moon smiles,
Pale — like Yesenin's hair.

LAZER WOLF

Lazer Wolf was born in Vilna in 1910, the son of a house painter. After a few years of school, he left to work with his father, and subsequently became a handkerchief maker. Largely self-taught, he wrote thousands of poems, few of which were published. During the Second World War, he was evacuated to Uzbekistan. In 1945, he died of hunger and exhaustion while working in a *kolkhoz* near Samarkand.

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CHRISTMAS

The night awakes the copper of the bells.
The town is full of incense, torch and frost.
Their god arises peacefully from death
And, on high poles, the crowd is carrying
His image; and the blind and heavy tread
Bears hate; as, in hushed and crowded quarters,
Israel's children fearfully rely —
O, compassionate God — upon Thy grace.
Beyond door and shutter sings the snow.
Frostily, the wide blue heavens glitter.
From its crown unto its loins, the night
Is hung with stars and rest. Only a cry
Beats against the wall of quiet —
The blood clamors in anguish at their knife.

MANI LEIB

TO A GENTILE POET

Heir of Shakespeare, knights and shepherds,
Gentile poet, you are fortunate.
Yours is the earth the fat pig walks on,
Giving pasture to him and to your muse.
If you but pause on a branch, your twitter
Will gain replies from all the far places.
From the field, riches; the city, comfort.
Equanimity from sated spirits.
I — unneeded, a poet among Jews,
Growing, like wild grass, from a soil not ours,
My sires, wanderers with dusty beards,
Who feed on the grit of fairs and old tomes.
In an alien world, I sing of the cares
Of men in a desert, beneath alien stars.

MANI LEIB

Mani Leib (Brahinsky) was born near Chernigov, northeast of Kiev, in 1883. In his teens he joined the revolutionary movement, and spent several months in jail in 1904. Fearing rearrest, he fled first to England and, in 1905, to New York City where he became a member of the literary crowd that met in the restaurants of East Broadway. In the daytime, he worked in a shoe factory: "Among cobblers a good cobbler, among poets a good poet," to quote one of his own poems. In his 50s, he was given a job in the bakers' union. He died in the Liberty, N.Y., sanatorium for tuberculars in 1953.

produced no national dialogue on basic foreign policy issues, there is no reason to believe that Fleming would see in the election of Nixon any hope for a halt in the downward slide. Yet he still sees one way of escape, "the same wide-open avenue to which Woodrow Wilson pointed until his dying day—a world organization strong enough to keep the peace, and now to cope with the swiftly emerging problems of population explosion and world development which cannot be dealt with successfully otherwise."

Fleming may be viewed as a "legalist-moralist," blind to the hard realities of power, mistaken in his measure of the nature of man, and a visionary in his emphasis on a world court settling disputes under world law and a world organization with power enough to whip into line any would-be transgressor. But if painstaking mastery of the "what is" of world politics, stretching from the Franco-Prussian to the Vietnamese Wars, and set down with scholarly objectivity in the thousands of pages of his newly published works, is a measure of realism then he is a realist (if not a Realist) in the best sense of that word. It is true that he finds no reassurance in Morgenthau's ever-precarious balance of power (though the two are in close agreement on America's misadventure in Vietnam) or Kissinger's calculated deterrence policy, or Kennan's containment, even though it was misapplied in practice. Fleming's voice was raised effectively in the thirties on the necessity to meet Axis power with power, through the League if possible, but otherwise if necessary. Yet he insists that the record of the modern state system proves beyond doubt that imperial ventures, balances and alliances slide inevitably into progressively more destructive wars, with total destruction promised by the next. The only solution—and our very last opportunity—is collective power for collective security.

It is a question whether men and governments can be rational enough to profit from the lessons which the power conflicts of the past century teach with such clarity. Perhaps they are foredoomed by man's corrupted nature, as Morgenthau states, to an "everlasting and ever undecided struggle," arising from "the tragic sense of life, the awareness of unresolvable discord, contradictions, and conflicts which are inherent in the nature of things and which human reason is powerless to solve."

Fleming's answer is that the world cannot survive another world holocaust, that the nations cannot resign themselves to "everlasting and ever undecided struggle." If he finds too little virtue in governments to escape destruction, he places his hope on the common people who have no stakes in power or prestige, but who do want to survive and to live in peace and security. It was the glacial pressure of public opinion which forced the Senate to accept the United Nations after it had rejected the League. Hope lies in the ability of the people of the United States and the Soviet Union to push their governments into giving up their mania of globalism; to withdraw from pressuring little states into their way of life; to come to terms on their own disagreements, and make the United Nations a haven for big and little states alike.

The Fleming book shelf, including his latest works on the cold war and Vietnam, focuses on the crucial importance of the lessons which World War I taught and the necessity for people everywhere to learn these lessons. Consequently, his newly produced volume on *The Origins and Legacies of World War I* constitutes a key to his entire set of works.

It is the distillation of forty years of teaching on this subject. This is not merely a descriptive work but passionately prescriptive. World War I is the pivotal event of the century. Its parallels for World War II and the present state of affairs are frighteningly clear. If we pursue the old road, it will take us, as Fleming affirms, to moral oblivion and probably to national death. For a time we can continue to abort local revolutions, as in Guatemala and Santo Domingo, and contain others. But the pay-off costs are rising and, however unlimited our military power to destroy, our political power over the mounting

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revolutions of our time is declining.

The first of these revolutions was Wilson's major concern—the resolution of the colonial people of the world to close the gap between them and the West. The second, the multi-faceted racial revolution, now confronts the Western world with the determination for equality. Logically, the revolutionary peoples have adopted as their own the very evils which the West originated and failed to abandon after 1918.

The final escalation is at hand, at the behest of realists and hard liners and mere Presidential decision, Fleming feels. But there is still another road open, pointed out long ago through functional international organizations, but requiring cementing the world community through the United Nations.

The fifth printing of the massive *The Cold War and Its Origins, 1917-1960* in New York, Milan and Tokyo, and the forthcoming *America's Role in Viet Nam and Asia* round out an impressive study of the failures of Western policies covering the past 100 years. America, because of its unparalleled wealth, its moral claims, and its military power is the chief culprit. The cold war has failed and Asia is beyond control. For both Russia and America the lessons of the century are capsuled in Czechoslovakia and Vietnam. It's time for school.

A final word should be said on the Fleming style. The survival power of his books lies in part in the simplicity, directness and force of his composition. Few contemporary works combine scholarship with readability so successfully.

THE RETURN

I awake to find it's
True, my children are gone. They've
Vanished into the undersides of my eyelids.

They were waving
Goodbye as I drifted off, almost as if
I'd left for the evening.

They return only with the deep and massive
Return of sleep, waving once more
From the swings. My wife's

Pushing them toward me.
They're falling back, losing their balance.
They fall to the grass—softly.

At once
She gathers them up like loaves.
My hunger's immense.

I can hardly control myself. Evening
Dew fogs my glasses, the swings
Tremble like leaves

At their hinges.

STEPHEN PARKER

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Thomas Hoving writes, in the book of the show: "To me 'Harlem on My Mind' is a discussion. It is a confrontation. It is education. It is a dialogue." *

As a matter of fact, it is an exhibition and we might as well try to determine what kind. According to Allon Schoener, who organized the show, it "was conceived as a communications environment —one that parallels our daily lives in which we are deluged with information stimuli." One of the Metropolitan Museum's press releases does not shrink from using the word that Hoving and Schoener prudently skirt, but which was obviously on their minds—multimedia.

Believing that only a multimedia display can grasp the complexity of 20th-century life, Schoener asserts that "we don't respond, as we once did, to an orderly progression of facts thrust at us in a fixed order." (Schoener relies a good deal, when he writes, on the 20th-century *we*.) But the truth is that his exhibition is nothing but a case of "fixed order." It occupies a traditional suite of rooms, the sequence of which is not at all dissolved by changes in lighting. And the material is arranged chronologically, decade by decade, each one sloganized —"Depression and Hard Times," "Militancy and Identity," etc. On the way through *we* (as Schoener would say) go from past to present, from big to little, from quiet to noisy areas, but it is strictly a pilgrim's progress.

En route, there are solid old photographs of grandmothers, brownstones, beauty parlors, veterans and "Jim Europe's Hell-Fighters Band"; sharp, gritty new photographs of Malcolm X, street fights, protest placards and the "National Memorial African Bookstore." In addition to the blown-up images, changing images are slide-projected by clicking carousels overhead. There are aural assists for the images: muffled tapes of interviews and speeches and of period music (the mooch, the twist). The general effect is of a Voice of America broadcast added to "The Family of Man," an exhibition of photographs selected by Edward Steichen to show that, when it comes to birth, love and death, we are all one big family under the skin. That bland show achieved postwar celebrity by its apolitical benevolence, which is about the level of argument possible with unaided visual material. Schoener promises a sensory bombardment with many messages, different for each visitor ("participation" instead of a "passive" intake, he calls it). In fact, "Harlem's" point of view is not multiple at all but unmistakably single and white. The documentary photographs don't communicate much more than evidence that "they're just like us," sharing bad housing, group photographs, World War I, show business and everything else. "Harlem on My Mind" is just another footnote to Steichen's classic collection of blown-up photographs.

If we agree that the correspondence between the complex world and complex display is untenable or, at least, that it does not work at the Met, what is there to see in the show? An exhibition of blown-up photographs, and these are always handsome, getting grainier, more porous, and less lifelike as they reach life size. The only messages that such images can carry are platitudes like "time marches on" and "we're all human." The first theme plays on nostalgia (Duke Ellington, old fashions), and the second on our most automatic reflexes of good will. On the other hand, though Schoener's photographic material is simple in content, its display has an unwholesome ingenuity. In a show which protests so hard that it is being straight and daring, the display is fancy and con-

* Harlem on My Mind. *Edited by Allon Schoener. Preface by Thomas P. Hoving. Introduction by Candice Van Ellison. Random House. 255 pp. $12.95. As catalogue (paper), $1.95.*

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trived. Columns with pasted photographs, a corridor lined with giant blow-ups, staggered building blocks, a photograph repeated to symbolize the hopelessness of the bread line (a group made into a crowd), and so on. "Communications environment" is just a pretentious term for an exhibition of the kind developed for use at trade shows and in the pavilions of world fairs. There is more sensory bombardment in a taxi ride (noisy driver, his cigar, his radio, your companion, the street).

In the January *Bulletin* of the Met, Hoving calls the "Harlem" show "the first major step towards rethinking and expanding our concepts of what exhibitions should do." Does he really not know that the show is simply a routine photographic exhibit in educational-commercial format, or is he talking to cover up the fact, from himself or from others? Either way, one is disturbed by the disparity between the facts and his public statements. The sole novelty of the exhibition is its location in an art museum. During the past ten years, art museums in New York have competed with some frequency for the privilege of putting on the same shows: the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim Museum both wanted to exhibit Francis Bacon and it went to the Guggenheim in 1963; Robert Motherwell was scheduled for the Guggenheim, but went to the Modern in 1965; and the Guggenheim's forthcoming Brancusi show is one coveted by the Modern. In line with this cultural overlap, Hoving put on at the Met a show which belongs to, would have been at home in, the Museum of the City of New York.

Harlem was on Hoving's mind the way Appalachia was on President Johnson's when he wanted a good cause. It is apparently not enough for Hoving to run an art museum; he thinks that the museum must also be at the service of other causes. In the name of education, he seems, in fact, to be anti-art. He is wrong and in ways that already show. I refer less to his reduction of the museum's exhibition schedule to the level of a small-town art center in pursuit of "activity," than to his politicizing of the Metropolitan Museum.

The catalogue of his show has been censured by the Special Committee on Racial and Religious Prejudice, by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, the American Jewish Congress, and by the director's friend and fellow politician, the Mayor of New York. The cause was the anti-Jewish, anti-Irish and anti-Puerto Rican comments in the term paper of a 15-year-old high school girl which was used in the catalogue and called "introduction." The Met is now putting a disclaimer in the catalogue. The absurdity of a museum having to say, in effect, "We're sorry, we're not really racist," can be lost on nobody who has the Metropolitan's future at heart.

The "cultural capital of Black America," as Harlem is gushingly called in the exhibition subtitle, is not very grateful. Militants have taken the opportunity to lobby for *their* racial interests. A picket at the press preview complained: "There are artists in the black community . . . and they're not represented at all." The word is that the Met is going to give an exhibition of work by black artists in the near future. If this is true, it means that Hoving's way of running the museum is making it vulnerable to any special interests that decide to apply pressure. A hastily scheduled show of Negro artists could only be the result of lobbying and would represent a partial loss of control by its director of the affairs of the institution. Other groups in the country might like to plan shows at the Met. How about: "Salon de Backlash," an annual poor whites' art show; "Swing with the Tongs," a new look at old Chinatown; "The Mafia as Art Collectors;" "Ten Abstract Expressionist Teamsters;" and "Cop Art," arranged for the museum by the Police Athletic League.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

In his *Theatre-Notebook*, the Polish critic Jan Kott describes the social climate which produced Slawomir Mrozek's *Tango*. Kott finds the play, written in 1964, a comedic graph of Polish and European moral history since 1919. International in its artistic roots and meaning, it has been more or less successfully produced everywhere in Europe (except the Soviet Union), as well as in Israel. It is now playing at the Pocket Theatre at 100 Third Avenue. Its applicability to the American scene is not as direct, but it is nevertheless a play whose relevance will be recognized by our more aware audiences.

What Kott, for all his evident enthusiasm, does not say about *Tango* is whether he believes it to be a "good" play in anything like an absolute sense. Withholding a decision on this point is, at the moment, justified. Regardless of its ultimate status as drama, the play has an immediate importance. Kott calls its ending "ambiguous" for reasons I can surmise and shall later explain. That it is not wholly conclusive need not be stressed for the present. More intellectually conceived than Feiffer's *Little Murders*, *Tango* belongs in somewhat the same category.

It is the "story" of a family. Grandpa Eugene is a gentleman of the "old school," the well-bred bourgeois of the late 19th century, with its predominantly aristocratic leanings. Papa Stomil belongs to the iconoclastic generation which followed shortly after the First World War. He fancies himself an artist, a man given to boundless experiment, an anarchist for whom anything goes. Eleanor, his wife, and Grandma Eugenia have been liberated from all standards of decorous conduct. The household is a shambles of total neglect without regret. Eleanor sleeps with Eddie, a boarder of roughneck proletarian mind and manners. This causes little concern in her husband. "God" is long since dead and everything is permissible.

The situation has become intolerable to Arthur, their 25-year-old son. There is nothing left for anyone to rebel against, since conventions have ceased to exist. Arthur insists on a return to tradition. A medical student, he is fed up with meaningless art and a mode of living without a coherent ideology (except for its doctrinaire negativism), and with a father who goes about all day long with his pajama fly unbuttoned. The young man hopes to reverse all this, first of

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all by marrying his even younger cousin, Ala, a product of an environment without any rule but that of her appetites. By brandishing a gun, he gains control over the family and sets about restoring the ancient tenets of "respectability."

Satisfaction with his victory is short-lived. He realizes that a new life cannot be built on the foundations of an obsolete culture. Since a renaissance of the past is impossible, the only remaining course which will assure the future is the exercise of power. But he is, after all, only an ideologist, and power is most efficiently wielded by people for whom it is an end in itself. Eddie the thug, who has slept with Ala as well as with Eleanor, savages Arthur and will henceforth rule the roost. Though everyone despises Eddie, all capitulate to him. At the final curtain, Grandpa Eugene (always a reactionary at heart) dances a complaisant tango in tune with the new regime.

It was easy in Poland to interpret the play as an undoubted indictment of fascism and, somewhat covertly, of Stalinism. Still, it was not safe to acknowledge the play's message in any literal sense. (It has recently been banned in Poland, and Mrozek has for some time been in exile.) As an erstwhile Marxist, Kott, now resident in the United States, could not and cannot altogether accept the play's desperate irony, its quasi nihilism.

Its weakness is a defect of its virtue; it is a thoroughly absurdist allegory. Sharp but friable, it synthesizes a condition of life in the abstract. It lacks concrete reality, specific truth. Still it reveals an unerring sense of the theatre, and it is funny. The first act may be viewed as a lampoon of contemporary *avant-garde* adventures; the last act as a warning, if not a prophecy.

I saw the play in London, in a Royal Shakespeare Company staging, which had little guts or bite. At the Pocket Theatre, the production is properly pointed but uncomfortably crude and tense, like the work of an intelligent but woefully inadequate college group. This is not altogether the fault of the actors, though some of them are thoroughly inept.

The damage is largely owing to the direction of Heinz Engels. This may astonish the play's producers, since Engels, who was assistant to Erwin Axer, the excellent director of the original Warsaw production, has faithfully tried to duplicate his master's staging and has himself directed the play in two German cities. That is just the trouble. One cannot imitate direction; it must be recreated. The animating force of a play's life on the stage is the actor. We have an example of this in Feiffer's *Little Murders*, a washout on Broadway because of dull direction and casting, and now a success at the Circle in the Square with the right cast under Alan Arkin's direction.

The actors of the Pocket Theatre have been forced to toe a strict line laid down by a director for an entirely different company under very different circumstances. The American troupe should have been allowed the freedom to act according to its own means rather than to reproduce the pattern of another company. The various rebellions depicted in *Tango* should have given rise to still another: an actors' revolt against the imposition of a directorial discipline alien to them. It is to be hoped that without the pressure on the actors of the director's presence, future performances will have relaxed sufficiently to achieve some of the ease needed for a satisfactory projection of the interesting comedy which *Tango* is.

I cannot speak with assurance of Adrienne Kennedy's *Cities in Bezique* at the Public Theatre. That Miss Kennedy is an inspired writer is evident from her previous play, *Funny House of a Negro*. The present two one-act plays—essentially dramatic poems—are so cluttered in the details of elaborate production that I could neither hear nor see them with accurate perception.

The plays (dating from 1965 and previously produced less formally) repeat a theme and a scenic vocabulary introduced in the earlier play. The author, a woman of mixed black-and-white lineage, writes with complete honesty of the laceration of soul caused by the tensions of her dual origin: American Negro on the one hand, but with a strange atavistic yearning for the graces of putative white forebears out of old England!

In *Funny House* she fancies a black girl's connection with Lumumba as father figure, and with the elegant postures of Queen Victoria's court. In the more memorable portion of *Cities in Bezique*, she is the illegitimate offspring of a wealthy white man and his black cook, with a Negro minister as foster father. Once again she finds herself related in her dreams with England's great men: Chaucer, Shakespeare and others. Tormented, she pines for an identity; a symbolic owl hoots "Who? Who? Who?"

The combination of psychological quest and visual imagery might have proved effective and affecting, if the director, Gerald Freedman, had found a simple method to bring both into harmonious concordance, but he has submerged the text in a display of fancy stagecraft so complex that we are left with no firm impression of the whole. We must await another occasion to judge Miss Kennedy's progress.

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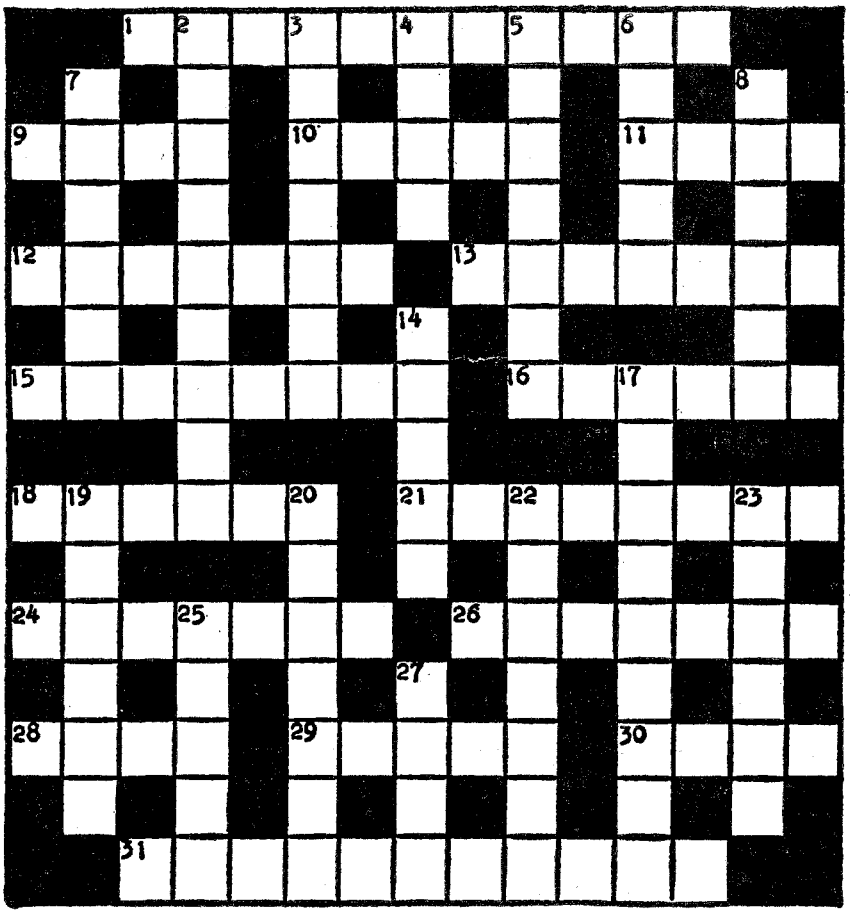
Crossword Puzzle No. 1283

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Flycatcher, with a cutter behind. (11)
9 and 27 down No charge for delivery, if a best-seller? (4,4)
10 and 12 Exemplified by 29? One might have to be careful with it. (5,7)
11 Firm difficult to deal with? (4)
12 See 10 across
13 See 30 across
15 Is little brother engrained as intellectual?
16 Make less 11 in loss of tension. (6)
18 Do you have to pamper lettuce placed in it? (6)
21 Orthodox version of what Burns' beastie was. (8)
24 and 26 Dentist's office—where one asks for gas? (7,7)
28 We might not want such a burden to be so placed. (4)
29 Good for a Buck? (4)
30 and 13 across A mother in her fifties is probably rather haughty! (11)
31 How the courtroom bible might be used? You might deny doing it! (11)

DOWN

2 Tricky types? (9)
3 One should study the head of the church in sunny environment. (7)
4 Not likely to be a test of quietness. (4)
5 Holds the rest after a fashion. (7)
6 Moved by the 10 of the gods? (5)
7 You're off this if you lose more than one 13. (6)
8 Bell any one of the writers? This for real! (6)
14 and 22 It's about time one should be concerned! (5,7)
17 Younger brother? Never! (5-4)
19 "No! No!" is what the knowing knew as being his, they used to say! (6)
20 Presents of little ships? (7)
22 See 14 down
23 They're typified by a 25. (6)
25 What the cowboy might have is naught to a girl! (5)
27 See 9 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1282

ACROSS: 1 Raconteur; 6 and 23 Severally; 9 Copland; 10 Loiters; 11 and 13 Ski lift; 12 Moated; 15 Aversion; 16 Bengal; 18 Ambler; 20 Disposed; 24 Dampen; 28 Troilus; 29 Spelled; 30 Run-in; 31 Denatured. DOWN: 1 and 25 across Rickshaw; 2 Captive; 3 Near misses; 4 Endeavor; 5 Relief; 7 Veering; 8 Resettled; 14 Respondent; 15 Alabaster; 17 Diapason; 19 Balloon; 21 and 6 down Scholarship; 22 Passed; 26 Waded; 27 Plan.

Readers are invited to send [illegible] of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The N* [illegible] Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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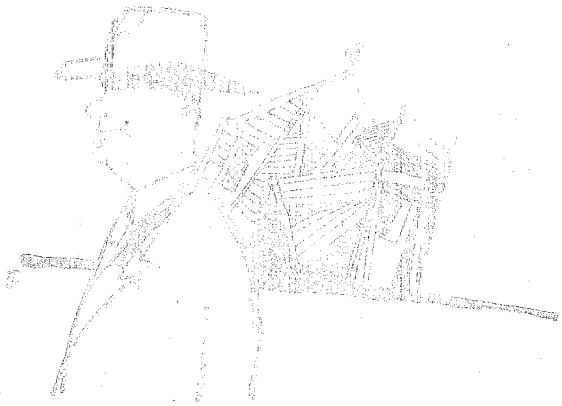
Reconstruction —What's that?



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